THE BOOKMAN

A LITERARY JOURNAL.

VOL. II. JANUARY, 1896. NO. 5.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

One more bit of Trilbyana—perhaps the last that we shall be called upon to chronicle. In noting it we shall be obliged incidentally to advertise a certain proprietary remedy, but we are not going to stop for a little thing like that. The proprietor of the remedy in question recently brought out a brochure entitled *The True Tale of Trilby Tersely Told.* It summed up the story of *Trilby* in rhyme—her love for Little Billee, the hypnotic fiendishness of Svengali, and all the rest, and then wound up with the following touching verse :

"Yes, the world is full of Trilbys
Just as foolish p'r'aps as she,
Who when troubled with a headache
Seek some silly remedy.
Had she spurned Svengali's offer
When her headache made her sick,
And just taken Bromo-Seltzer,
'Twould have cured her just as quick !"

A number of Trilby pictures accompanied this choice poem, four of them being taken bodily from Du Maurier's book ; wherefore the Messrs. Harper descended like a thousand of brick on the unfortunate advertiser, and the little pamphlet has been suppressed, so that it is destined perhaps to become a rare and precious thing to the collectors of Trilby literature. We should be tempted to say something harsh about the severity of the Franklin Square firm, were it not generally understood that their action in such cases is taken to please Mr. Du Maurier himself, who greatly dislikes such a use of his productions.

❀

Our English cousins have received a good deal of diversion from the descriptions which several interviewers of Mr. Hall Caine have contributed to our sensational newspapers, especially such minutiæ as Mr. Caine's hair, hands, stockings, and shoes. One well-known caricaturist brooded over these things until the sketch below was the result. There is an impression on the other side that we are somewhat mystified by Mr.

HALL CAINE.
From the London Sketch.

Caine's treatment of the vexed copyright question. Mr. Henry Van Dyke illustrated this quandary by an amusing story which he told at the Hall Caine dinner in New York. An old darkey fishing off the coast in the Gulf of Mex-

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ico caught a terrapin, which, however, was too much for him, and pulled him overboard. On reaching the surface, after much blowing and spluttering, he remarked: "What dis niggah wan' t' know is, wheddah dis niggah is a-fishin', or wheddah dis fish is a-niggerin'!" Mr. George Haven Putnam, in the course of his remarks, said that "the Republic of Letters had vanished, and in its place had arisen an oligarchy of which Mr. Caine was a representative pacha, he might say, *A Pacha of Many Tales!*"

❀

It is refreshing amid the hubbub raised by the contention between authors and publishers to come upon the following letter from Robert Louis Stevenson to Messrs. Chatto and Windus. "You see," he says, "I leave this quite in your hands. To parody an old Scotch saying of servant and master, if you don't know that you have a good author, I know that I have a good publisher. Your fair, open, and handsome dealings are a good point in my life, and do more for my crazy health than has yet been done by any doctor." As recently as August, 1893, Stevenson concludes a letter from Samoa thus: "I hope you are keeping very well, and that all marches in Piccadilly as heretofore. I am far out of the battle, and quite done with London; but I keep pleasant memories, dear Mr. Chatto, of yourself and all our dealings."

❀

Another letter which these publishers received from Stevenson has reference to the Father Damien pamphlet, and is highly characteristic of the writer: "The letter to Dr. Hyde," he says, "is yours, or any man's. I will never touch a penny of remuneration. I do not stick at murder; I draw the line at cannibalism. I could not eat a penny roll that piece of bludgeoning had gained for me."

❀

Apropos of our criticism in these columns last month on Mr. Brander Matthews's colloquialism "chipping *up*" for "chipping *in*," there is a similar animadversion in one of George Eliot's letters to the Blackwoods. "One gentleman has written me a very pretty note," says the author of *Daniel Deronda*, the first volume of which had just been published, "taxing me with having wanted insight into the technicalities of Newmarket, when I made Lush say, 'I will *take* odds.' He judges that I should have written, 'I will *lay* odds.' On the other hand, another expert contends that the case is one in which Lush would be more likely to say, 'I will take odds.'" Mr. Matthews may find solace in the retort with which the letter concludes: "I told my correspondent that I had a dread of being righteously pelted with mistakes that would make a cairn above me—a monument and a warning to people who write novels without being omniscient and infallible."

❀

We have elsewhere noted the beautiful edition of White's *Selborne*, which has just been issued in two volumes, with an introduction by John Burroughs and numerous illustrations by Clifton Johnson. On another page there will be found fuller reference to this work, as well as to the new and revised edition of *Uncle Remus*, illustrated profusely by Frost. Messrs. Appleton and Company have also prepared a popular edition of Dumas's *Three Musketeers* (price, $4.00) with Leloir's illustrations, which was an attractive feature, though an expensive one, among the last season's holiday publications. An *édition de luxe* of two hundred and fifty copies of *The Manxman* has also been made by the same firm, with illustrations taken from actual scenes in the Isle of Man. These views were selected for this fine two-volume edition by Mr. Hall Caine, who has also put his signature to each copy of the work.

❀

The next volume in Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's little sixteenmo novels will be from the pen of George Gissing, and is entitled *The Paying Guest*. The story is written in a light, amusing vein, unlike Mr. Gissing's former work, which is weighted with a gloomy pessimism. The Messrs. Appleton will also issue in February a new story by Mr. Gissing, entitled *Sleeping Fires*.

❀

We do not remember until now to have found any of Mr. Kipling's work reminiscent of other writers; but in his *Second Jungle Book*, the story called "The King's Ankus" irresistibly recalls one of Chaucer's Canterbury

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Tales ; while the theme of his "Brushwood Boy," in the last *Century*, is simply Du Maurier's *Peter Ibbetson* turned inside out. Yet whatever Mr. Kipling touches he makes his own by the fusing power of genius.

❀

The *Evening Post* of this city is growing comical. Here is a reviewer who in a translation of *La Belle Nivernaise* sapiently remarks : "There is an odd sentence on page 174. It reads : 'Some one proposed to me that I should take in Augustine's reception.' It should surely be, 'Some one proposed to me that I should go to Augustine's reception.'" Really the *Post* ought to make its reviewers learn the American lan guage as it is spoken, so that they may know what it is to "take in a recep tion." But the editorial columns yield some fun, too. The editor quotes the epigram about a person being a *ministre étranger aux affaires*, and ascribes it to "a wicked French wit." We take great pleasure in revealing the name of this wicked and witty Frenchman. It is Otto von Bismarck.

❀

The author of that very clever "novel of a suburb," *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, a book which has been much written and talked about, and which deserves its reputation, has written a new novel entitled *Corruption*, which is reviewed on another page. Mr. Percy White's first intention was to follow a scholastic career, but after some time spent as a professor of the English language and literature in a French college, he drifted into journalism. For the last ten years he has edited *Public Opinion* (London), which has prospered exceedingly under his direction. During that time he has been a very busy leader-writer, and numerous short stories and reviews from his pen have also appeared from time to time in the magazines.

❀

Mr. White's first novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, had a distinct success in England, and a second edition has been recently issued in this country by Messrs. Lovell, Coryell and Company. The author believes that his novel has been a good deal misunderstood. He intended his central character to be something more than a snob—in fact, a sort of up-to-date cad and scamp into the bargain. It is interesting to note that it was Marie Bashkirtseff's *Memoirs* which Mr. White once reviewed that suggested him. He is a very dissimilar person, of course, but the Frenchwoman is popularly believed to have meant her self-revelations to be a valuable human

PERCY WHITE.

document, and Mr. Bailey-Martin had the same ambition as an autobiographist. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* is popularly supposed to have emptied half the houses in the suburb which is made the scene of its story. *A King's Diary*, an infinitely touching little story, true to life and yet tragic in the highest degree, published last spring, will empty no suburbs, but its pathos will come home to every one who has any love for poor human nature, which perhaps is what Max Pemberton means in his Foreword, by informing us that the new Pocket Library, in which this story is published, will deal "with the humanity of the human heart."

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The Messrs. Scribner have issued a cheaper edition of Mr. Field's *Echoes from a Sabine Farm*. We omitted in the

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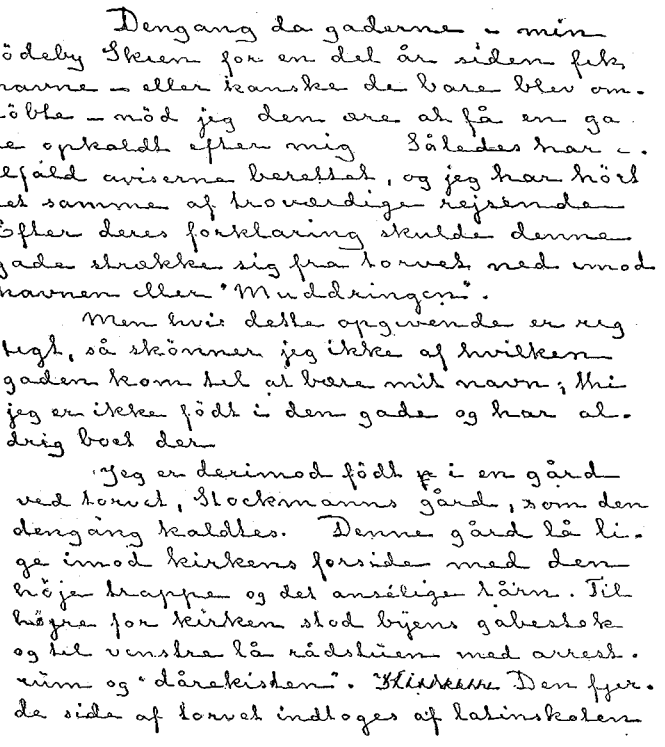

Dengang da gaderne – min
födeby Skien for en del år siden fik
navne – eller kanske de bare blev om-
döbte – nöd jeg den ære at få en ga-
de opkaldt efter mig. Således har e-
alfald aviserne berettet, og jeg har hört
det samme af troværdige rejsende.
Efter deres forklaring skulde denne
gade strække sig fra torvet ned imod
havnen eller "Muddringen".

Men hvis dette opgivende er rig-
tigt, så skönner jeg ikke af hvilken
gaden kom til at bære mit navn; thi
jeg er ikke född i den gade og har al-
drig boet der.

Jeg er derimod född i en gård
ved torvet, Stockmanns gård, som den
dengang kaldtes. Denne gård lå li-
ge imod kirkens forside med den
höje trappe og det ansélige tårn. Til
högre for kirken stod byens gabestok
og til venstre lå rådstuen med arrest-
rum og "dårekisten". Den fyr-
de side af torvet indtoges af latinskolen

December BOOKMAN to acknowledge the courtesy of this firm in allowing us to reproduce the photograph of Mr. Field, which is in their possession.

❀

The manuscript of which the above fac-simile is a part was begun by Ibsen in Italy immediately after the publication of *Ghosts* (1881). It is wholly autobiographical, and was intended to form the opening pages of a book to bear the title *From Skien to Rome*, the former name being that of the poet's native town in Norway. The plan, however, was presently abandoned for *An Enemy of the People* (1882). The manuscript was ultimately given by its author to his biographer, Henrik Jæger.

❀

The articles on the old booksellers of New York, by Mr. W. L. Andrews, which have appeared from time to time in THE BOOKMAN during the past year, have been expanded and published in book form. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Andrews's other books, *Roger Payne and his Art*, *A Life of Jean Grolier*, *Among my Books*, etc., issued in similar limited editions, will appreciate this last volume of his for its beautiful workmanship, as well as for its interesting contents. Only 130 copies are for sale.

❀

We are indebted to Mr. Arthur Hornblow, of the *New York Dramatic Mirror*, for the autograph letter and portrait of Dumas accompanying Professor Cohn's article on another page. Mr. Hornblow received the photograph from Dumas four years ago while in Paris. M. Dumas was sensitive about the use of his photographs by the trade, and in parting with this one said that it had been taken at a private sitting by a friend, and was one that he cherished very much. M. Dumas was then living in the Avenue de Villiers.

❀

The Red Badge of Courage, by Stephen Crane, which was reviewed at length in the November BOOKMAN, is to be published shortly in England by Mr. William Heinemann, who is quite enthusiastic over Mr. Crane's work and its promise.

❀

Much as we like our contemporary, the *Dial*, we must protest earnestly when it begins to play tricks with the English language. Here it is using a barbaric verb, "to pedestal"—*i.e.*, to set upon a pedestal. This may do around the stock-yards, but the *Dial* should remember that it has Eastern friends and readers.

❀

Why is there such a chorus of interested astonishment over Professor W. L. Phelps's course in Fiction, at Yale University? Such a course has been given for years at Columbia by Professor Brander Matthews, and for some time at the University of Chicago by Dr. Triggs.

❀

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company will publish early in the year an important work, entitled *Ironclads in Action*,

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by H W. Wilson, with an introduction by Captain A. T. Mahan. It will be in two volumes, and will be profusely illustrated with drawings, maps, plans, etc., and will contain a careful survey of naval warfare during the last half century.

❀

Miss Beatrice Harraden passed through New York on her way back to California at the beginning of December, and we are glad to state that her health, although somewhat shaken by the strain of her hurried trip, seems to be, on the whole, improving. She was delighted with the reception which she met on every hand in England, which confirms the conviction that Miss Harraden's work has made a deep impression, and has created an interest in and a warm welcome for whatever she may write. The opening chapters of her new novel are as delightful as anything she has written, and there is a keen sense of humour apparent. The story, when it is finished, will be twice as long as *Ships that Pass in the Night.*

❀

Among the friends whom Miss Harraden met while in London, she spoke with especial warmth of Mr. J. B. Crozier, whose important contribution to philosophic thought in his book, *Civilisation and Progress*, is to be supplemented by a second volume, which will be published in March by the Macmillans.

❀

Miss Margaret Sherwood, whose clever little story, *An Experiment in Altruism*, has had a remarkable success, has another volume in hand which will probably be published in the spring. Some months ago *Munsey's Magazine* announced that the authorship of *An Experiment in Altruism* was unknown, and that it was not probable that the author's identity would ever be disclosed. That same month THE BOOKMAN announced the author's name in these columns, and now in the December *Munsey's* there is a note stating: "It appears that 'Elizabeth Hastings,' who wrote *An Experiment in Altruism*, is named Margaret Pollock Sherwood." Which is quite correct if rather belated news.

❀

Father Tabb's *Poems* have just gone into another edition, making four editions in all within a year. *Vagabondia*, also published by Messrs. Copeland and Day, is now in its third edition. The *Arabella and Araminta Stories* promises to be a great success as a child's nonsense book during the season.

❀

Mr. Edwin A. Grosvenor, whose work on Constantinople is reviewed at length

EDWIN A. GROSVENOR.

on another page, graduated at Amherst in 1867, being salutatorian and class-poet. He studied at Andover Theological Seminary and in Paris, and from 1873 to 1890 was Professor of History at Robert College, Constantinople. An ardent and tireless student, all his time was devoted to work along historical lines. His extensive and frequent travels in Europe and Asia seem like romances, each vacation or leave of absence being consecrated to some special subject of historical research. Thus he has traced a great part of the routes of the Ten Thousand and of Alexander, many of the campaigns of Napoleon, the chequered career of Joan of Arc from Domremy to Rouen, and all the journeys of Saint Paul. Mr. Grosvenor is a member of the leading learned societies of Southern Europe, such as the Hellenic Philologic Syllogos of Constantinople and the Syl-

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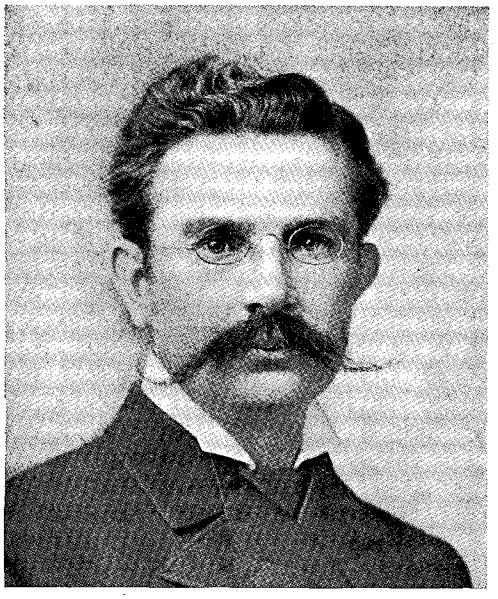
logos Parnassos of Athens, an honour rarely accorded to foreigners. Resigning in 1890 from Robert College, he spent the following year in travel in the Balkan Peninsula, the Greek Islands, Asia Minor, and Northern Syria. In January, 1892, he was called to Amherst College, as Lecturer in History. During three years—June, 1892, to June, 1895—he was head of the Department of French Language and Literature at Amherst, and also for two years meanwhile, 1892–94, head of the Department of History in Smith College. At the Amherst Commencement of 1895 he was appointed to the new chair of European History, which position he now holds.



WILLIAM BLACK.

The first instalment of Mr. Black's new novel, which is to appear in *Harper's* throughout the year, takes us once more to the Scottish Highlands, which have formed the background of his most successful stories. The poetry of Mr. Black's Scottish novels, we fear, does not lie so much in his treatment of Love's young dream, which he once informed us in *Yolande* is the sweetest thing in life, "and the saddest," as in the glamour of his picturesque descriptions of Scottish scenery. As in the case of "Coquette," in *A Daughter of Heth*, who had been born and educated in France before being transplanted to her Ayrshire home, so in that of "Briseis," a Greek maiden whom we discover in the wooded valley of the Dee, the contrast brings out more sharply and with fresh beauty and wonder the loveliness of the scenery and the peculiar characteristics of the life with which she is environed.

❀

William Black was born in Glasgow in 1841. As a boy he wished to be an artist, and studied for some time in the Glasgow School of Art. Before he was twenty, he contributed to the *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, and at the age of twenty-three he came to London, where he joined the staff of the *Morning Star*, and became special correspondent for that paper during the war of 1866. His first novel, *Love or Marriage*, was published in 1867. Next came *In Silk Attire*, *Kilmeny*, and *The Monarch of Mincing Lane*. He made his reputation by *A Daughter of Heth*, published in 1871. Tom Cassilis, better known as the "Whaup," is his most famous character. The most important of his other works are *The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*, *A Princess of Thule*, *Three Feathers*, *Madcap Violet*, *Green Pastures and Piccadilly*, *Macleod of Dare*, *Yolande*, *White Heather*, *In Far Lochaber*, and *The New Prince Fortunatus*. In twenty years he has produced over twenty books. He was at one time assistant editor of the *Daily News*.

❀

The latest *Yellow Book*, just issued by Messrs. Copeland and Day, lays more serious claim than any of its previous numbers, perhaps, to our studious attention. The influence of Mr. Henry James is especially remarkable, as, indeed, it always has been on the little group of contributors. Were it only for Miss Ella D'Arcy's powerful story, "The Web of Maya," this number would be interesting. It is of such an exceedingly high order of merit as to confirm our claim to regard her among the masters of the short story. Mr. Le Gallienne and Mr. Crackenthorpe are both at their best, and "The Queen's Pleasure," by the editor, is as dainty, fascinating, and peculiar in its quality as is all his work. The "Yellow Dwarf" is generally supposed to be Mr. Harland himself. His outspoken

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criticism and literary preferences are rather amusing, but they run counter to the judgment of the great body of readers, which is, in the long run, trustworthy and a sure touchstone.

❀

Reading Mr. Anthony Hope's *Half a Hero* in its new reprint (Harper and Brothers), which, by the way, perpetuates the typographical slips of the former edition, one is impressed again with the fact that it is in such an imperfect but powerful novel as this that Mr. Hope's real promise seems to lie. In this book he shows a knowledge of human nature and an interest in its wayward varieties without which no story-teller can hope to do work worthy of being called literature. But adventure stories were the fashion, and Mr. Hope took to writing them. He might have used his serious talents in this department, but he did not, and he does it less and less. *The Prisoner of Zenda* was written rather too much from the outside ; it is a good story assuredly —lively, varied, original, but it is the story of a clever, adaptable writer who can turn his hand to any kind of work, and never do any of it badly. Mr. Hope is perhaps the most graceful writer of fiction we have at this moment, and he has solider qualities than grace. But if he is going to do one thing excellently —perhaps two things, for his *Dolly Dialogues* is more than the work of a clever literary artist—it is not on the order of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, nor on that of *The Chronicles of Count Antonio*, but after the manner of *Half a Hero*. These seem ungrateful words to use of one who has entertained and delighted us so often, but none is probably so well aware of their truth as Mr. Hope himself, who, we incline to think, has greater things in view while diverting himself and us with stories which—we can take his word for it—have cost him little trouble in the writing.

❀

Not many magazine managers are so obliging as those of the *Idler*, who print the following "notice" on the cover of their December number: "Objection having been taken in certain quarters to the cover of the *Idler*, a new design is in course of preparation." This is a dangerous precedent, and we shall not be surprised to learn that other magazines are, since the publication of this announcement, being pestered with complaints from the interesting class of correspondents who really could run a magazine so much better, you know, if they only had a chance! Or is this *obligato* simply a quip of Mr. Jerome's humour?

❀

One of the most interesting articles in this number of the *Idler* is an interview with Mr. Clement Scott, poet, playwright, and critic. The first dramatic notice Mr. Scott wrote was on *Romeo and Juliet* in 1863, at the old Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, London. He possesses one of the finest theatrical libraries in the world, to say nothing of a unique collection of modern play-bills. Mr. Scott's knowledge of continental plays and playwrights is singularly complete, and woe betide the unhappy dramatic pilferer who does not acknowledge the source of his inspiration. Since 1879, when he retired from the War Office on a government pension, he has been on the editorial staff of the *Daily Telegraph*, with which paper he had been already for some time closely associated. Some of his plays, notably *Diplomacy*, *Off the Line*, *The Cape*

Clement Scott

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THOMAS HARDY.

Mail, and *Peril*, have obtained lasting popularity. Among the poems and songs originally contributed by him to *Punch* none is perhaps so well known as *The Midshipmite*. After thirty-five years in journalism these words of his have weight: "What do I think of journalism as a profession? I believe in my work, and think that a young man might do worse than become a journalist." Mr. Scott is a great advocate of out-of-door sports, and played in the first game of lawn tennis played in England.

❀

We confess to having derived considerable amusement from the puzzled comments elicited by certain so-called portraits of the author of *Jude the Obscure*, which have appeared in some newspapers lately. To correct any widespread impression which may erroneously be conveyed by these pictures, we herewith produce a drawing from an etched portrait taken from life by Mr. William Strang, which was made for Mr. Lionel Johnson's excellent treatise, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*.

❀

Mr. Hardy was born in Dorsetshire some five-and-fifty years ago. He began life as an ecclesiastical architect, and drifted into art criticism, but not until he was about thirty did he find his real field of success in novel-writing. In 1871 his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, was published, followed, in 1872, by *Under the Greenwood Tree*, and in 1874 by *Far from the Madding Crowd*, which was the feature of *Cornhill* during that year. He lives at Max Gate, near Dorchester, high on a hill which overlooks many of the scenes of his Wessex stories. His writing is done fitfully and irregularly; in parts he prints from the first draught, and in other parts he rewrites again and again, revising liberally in the proofs. Mrs. Hardy has always been his first reader and kind critic. It is difficult to get a really good portrait of Mr. Hardy, and doubtless a knowledge of this fact is responsible for the bogus likenesses alluded to.

❀

Mr. Hardy is a very careful and accurate writer, and yet on one occasion he was guilty of an oversight which most writers have now and then to confess, as when Thackeray killed off a character in one number in his serial publication of a novel, and continued his conversation quite unconcernedly in

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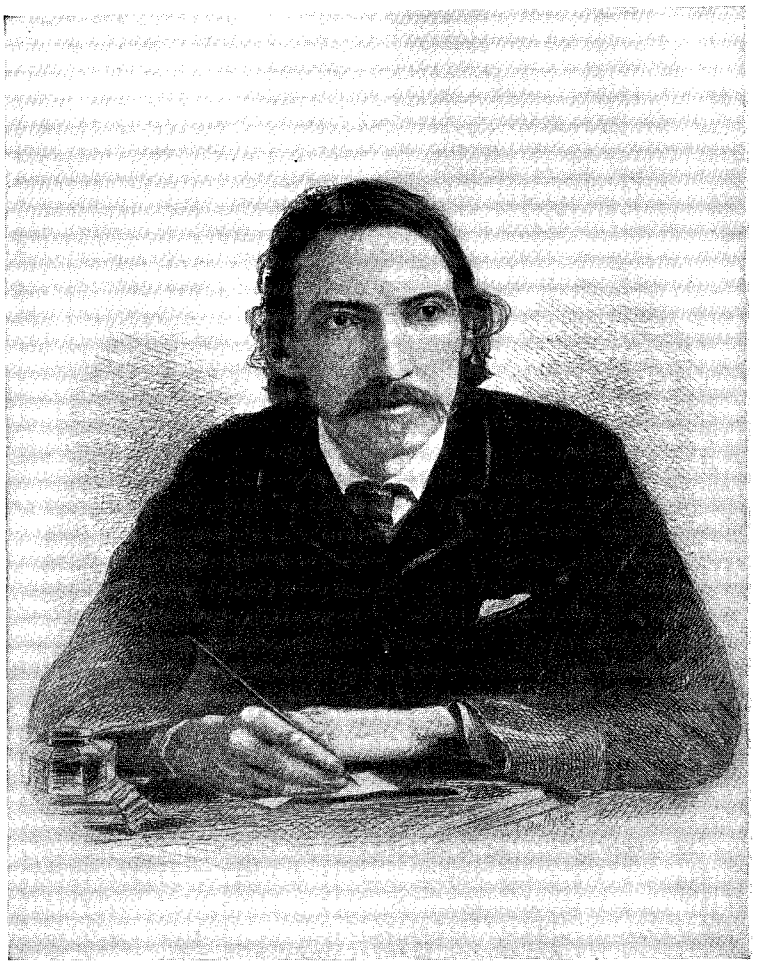
the next. We do not refer to the mysterious appearance of the child in the October instalment of *Jude the Obscure* in *Harper's*, for which the editor and not Mr. Hardy was responsible, and which is logically and physiologically accounted for in the book. The slip in question was caught in proof, where Mr. Hardy, having brought one of his characters to the very summit of a hill, incontinently started him *up* again. On bringing it to the author's attention he corrected it by a postal-card of characteristic simplicity: "For 'up' read 'down.'"



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.
From an etching by S. Hollyer.

❀

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Vailima Letters*, which have just been published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, throw much light on his literary methods. They prove Stevenson to have been one of the most hardworking and conscientious of literary men. Indeed, reading some passages, one would almost call him a drudge. He had great misgivings about his books as he wrote them, and these did not disappear on their completion. But when the proofs came back to him, his spirits generally revived, and by the time they were all in his hands, he was ready to pronounce the book quite a good one. It turns out that *The Ebb Tide* was practically his own, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne having written little of it. On the other hand, *The Wrong Box* belongs almost entirely to Mr. Osbourne. The letters contain very little allusion to contemporary writers. There are references to Rudyard Kipling.

❀

Here is a touching bit from one of the Vailima letters: "I wonder exceedingly if I have done anything at all good; and who can tell me? and why should I wish to know? In so little a while I and the English language and the bones of my descendants will have ceased to be a memory. And yet—and yet—one would like to leave an image for a few years upon men's minds—for fun." This dark frame of mind succeeded the conclusion of "the excruciating *Ebb Tide*," and is one of the frequent evidences we have in these letters that Stevenson was oftentimes inclined to take a gloomy view of his literary

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career. "A very little dose of inspiration, and a pretty little trick of style, long lost, improved by the most heroic industry," is how he describes his work on one occasion.

❀

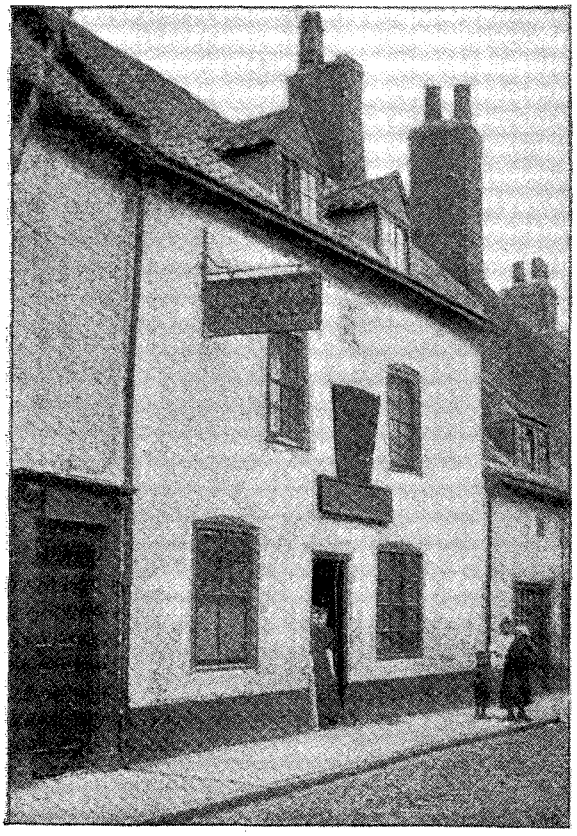
This mood is rarely expressed in literature. Dite Deuchars of Thrums is recorded to have felt it by Mr. Barrie (when he was still "Gavin Ogilvy" to us), and in the late W. W. Story's little volume of poems we have this isolated utterance from the heart of a man whose outlook and grasp on life was always brave and cheery :

"It was only my luck, I suppose,
And the day was delightful to those
Who were right in their time and their place.
But for me, I did nothing but race
And struggle, and always in vain.
We cannot have all of us prizes,
And the pleasure that's missed is a pain,
And one's balance goes down as one rises.

"And I'm tired, so tired at last
That I'm glad the great day is past ;
The pleasure I sought for I missed,
And I ask, did it really exist?
Were they happy who smiled so and said
'Twas delightful, exciting, enchanting?
I doubt it, but they perhaps had
Just the something I always was wanting."

❀

Many an old town to-day slumbers unconscious of the fact that it has been described by the pen of a great novelist. Such an old town, lying on the borders of Lincolnshire, and by the banks of the wide-sweeping Trent, is Gainsborough. Probably not a score of people have known that George Eliot ever walked along its narrow streets, and certainly not a score have any idea that Gainsborough is the original of St. Oggs, and that the likeness is unmistakable. George Eliot visited the place twice, once in 1845, when she witnessed the "idiotic bazaar" to which Maggie Tulliver went in white muslin and simple, noble beauty, and which, fifteen years later, after George Eliot had become famous as the author of *Adam Bede*, she described with an acuteness which attests her wonderful powers of observation and retention. In 1859 she visited Gainsborough again, to get "local colour" and to refresh her remembrance of the scenes. The Rectory at which Maggie lived before her sad death is certainly Morton Hall, where George Eliot was staying at this time. The Rector of Scotton can recollect the novelist visiting his father, who was temporarily occupying Morton Hall when she became his guest in 1859 ; and from a hillock in the garden, he says, George Eliot often stood and watched the river and its life, which she so graphically described in *The Mill on the Floss*.



THE "ANCHOR" TAVERN AT ST. OGGS.

❀

Describing St. Oggs in *The Mill on the Floss* (Book I., Chapter XII.) George Eliot describes Gainsborough ; and her picture of the Old Hall by the riverside is photographic in its exactness. Tofton in the novel is Morton, and Ruckreth is Stockwith, a village several miles down the river. Lindum is Lincoln, sixteen miles distant, and Laceham is a thin disguise for Nottingham. Constantly one recognises the origi-

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nals of little bits of description. The "Anchor Tavern," which was a rendezvous for sailors, is the "Crown and Anchor," a little beer-house in Bridge Street. The Floss by whose side Tom and Maggie Tulliver wandered, "with a sense of travel to see the rushing spring tide, the awful Ægir come up like a hungry monster," is the river Trent; the name Ægir for the tide being peculiar to the Trent. The Red Deeps, where Philip and Maggie often met, are the Castle Hills, the red sandstone showing clearly, and Maggie in walking to them from St. Oggs went up "the Hill." The Hill is a favourite evening walk with the people of Gainsborough, and by turning to the left at the top and going along the green-skirted lane leading to Thonock Hall—believed to be the original of Park House, where Philip Wakem lived—the Red Deeps are passed close by. Dorlcote Mill cannot be identified; and in placing the Mill on a tributary of the Floss, George Eliot departed from geographical verity, as the Trent has no tributary in the neighbourhood of Gainsborough. Some of the people we meet in *The Mill on the Floss* may be studies of real characters, as in the case of *Adam Bede*, but the chief point is that George Eliot has made this quaint old town of Gainsborough the scene of a story which stands out like a promontory in English literature.

MORTON HALL.

❀

Readers of that delightful story, *Sir Quixote of the Moors*—and we hope they will be numerous—will, we fear, be moved to think that "Sir Quixote" forfeited all right to his title at the close of his adventure. We happen to know, however, that the endings of the last few lines of the American and the English editions are different, a rather unusual proceeding happily. We are not going to spoil the interest in the story by stating just wherein they differ, but we may say that in the English copy which we have seen Sir Rohaine is true to his Quixotic character to the end, and in the American (both are authorised, curiously enough), as already indicated, his Quixotry is repudiated for a more human course of action, which will be more likely to win the sympathies of the reader; but you must read the whole story to see the point of its finale.

❀

Messrs. L. Prang and Company of Boston have published the poster to Lily Lewis Rood's sketch of De Chavannes since the chat with Miss Ethel Reed appeared in the December BOOKMAN. It will be remembered that Miss Reed was at work on this poster when our correspondent called on her, and it was not thought probable then that it would be published. We admire the enterprise of the publishers, and we commend the poster to collectors. It is one of the best examples of Miss Reed's art in this Philistine form.

❀

The tendency of the literary impulse in Canada to express itself in verse is markedly strong at the present moment, at least in quantity. In the November BOOKMAN there was a notice of *The White Wampum*, by Miss E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake), "a flower of Canadian culture," and an Indian princess of a proud and ancient tribe. Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company,

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who are Miss Johnson's publishers, have also placed their imprint on a book of poems entitled *The House of the Trees and Other Poems*. The author, Miss Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, lives at Fenwick, Ontario, and has made large contributions of verse to a number of the leading magazines. This volume will introduce her to a wider audience, and enlarge the circle of her appreciative readers. We have already announced Bliss Carman's *Behind the Arras*, which is now published. The decorative talent of Mr. Tom B. Meteyard has been utilised in illustrating the poems, which he has done after an original fashion. Then there has just been published by Messrs. Copeland and Day a new volume of poems, entitled *Lyrics of Earth*, by Archibald Lampman, one of the group of young Canadian singers. Mr. Lampman's verse is also known through the magazines and by a little volume, *Among the Millet*, which appeared a few years ago. The recognition which he has already received will be deepened and widened by his new sheaf of songs. Another volume entitled *The Magic House and Other Poems*, by Duncan Campbell Scott, has just been issued by the same firm. Mr. Scott is a young man under thirty, employed in the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. A volume of stories will appear from his pen in the spring. Like Mr. Lampman and Mr. Scott, who both live at Ottawa, Mr. William Wilfred Campbell fills a position in the Civil Service, and devotes his leisure to the wooing of the muses. A poem of Mr. Campbell's will be found on another page. Mr. Campbell's work,

ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

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so far, shows evidence of poetic power and strength, and he has in a larger degree perhaps than all the others dramatic intensity.

❀

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, whose slight but amusing novelette, *Lady Bonnie's Experiment*, was noticed in the December BOOKMAN, is if we are not mistaken going to enjoy a wider popularity very soon. He has been writing for some time; indeed, credit is due to the editor of the *Leisure Hour* for "discovering" him about five years ago. A story of his, entitled *The Incomplete Adventurer*, appeared serially in that magazine during 1891, at the same time that Mr. Weyman's *Story of Francis Cludde* was running in the same monthly.

❀

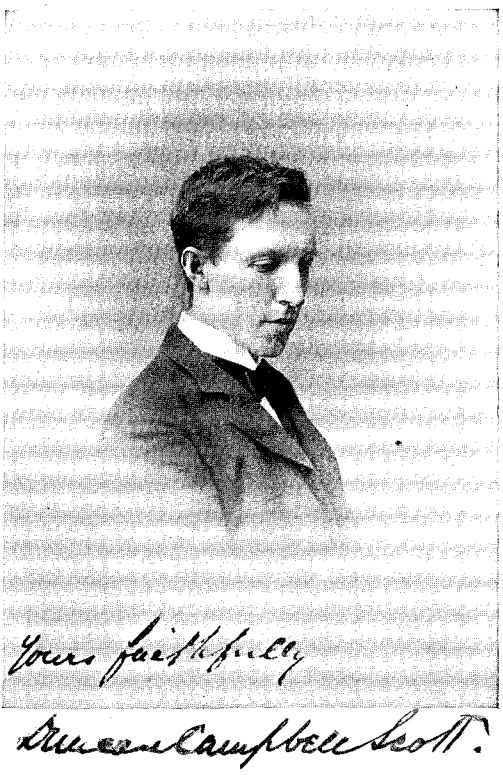
Speaking of "discoveries," we believe it was Anthony Trollope—as complete a failure as an editor of *St. Paul's* as Thackeray, on the other hand, was successful with the *Cornhill Magazine*—who discovered Mr. Austin Dobson. We understand that Mr. Dobson commenced in *St. Paul's* with the poem, "A Song of Angiola in Heaven."

❀

Alphonse Daudet's home is in the Faubourg Saint Germain, and the street in which he lives is a quiet one, whose sparse shops have not changed their style of window dressing since the death of the Duc de Berri. Daudet's study is lighted by two windows which look out on gardens. Even on the warm day when a friend sought him out recently, a large fire was burning. Daudet is a southerner, and feels the cold of Paris keenly. His study is lined with dwarf bookcases, so low that one has only to stretch out a hand in order to find the book that is wanted. Thursday is his "at home" day, when he usually invites twelve or fourteen friends to dinner. If a well-known musician happens to be among the guests, the drawing-room and not the study is the place of entertainment.

❀

Messrs. Platt, Bruce and Company have just published *In the Midst of Paris*, by Alphonse Daudet. It is profusely illustrated, and makes a handsome appearance. A new volume of stories by



Anthony Hope, entitled *Frivolous Cupid*, published by the same firm a few weeks ago, has already had a remarkable sale.

❀

Collectors of posters and of literature bearing on posters will read with interest two announcements that have just been published. One comes from Paris, and gives notice of the immediate appearance of a monthly publication styled *Les Maîtres de l'Affiche*, to give in each issue four reproductions in colours of posters by French, English, and American artists. The first issue gives posters of Chéret, Lautrec, Julius Price, and Dudley Hardy. The subscription price to foreigners is thirty francs a year. The publishing house is the Imprimerie Chaix, 20 Rue Bergère, Paris.

❀

The second announcement comes from Mr. William Tryon Higbee, of Cleveland, O., who is bringing out a book of photographic reproductions of posters, mounted on hand-made paper. The edition is limited to fifteen copies, sold by subscription only, at $20 each.

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Mark Twain long ago commented on the fact that when French artists paint the Holy Family, Joseph becomes a Frenchman and Mary a Frenchwoman; and in general that an artist in some way always subtly transforms his subjects into persons of his own nationality. The Baron de Grimm's drawings of President Cleveland that appear in the *Telegram* of this city are amusing instances of the truth of this. They evidently resemble Mr. Cleveland, yet in them he is no longer a Buffalonian or a Washingtonian, but a fine old German Graf with a castle or two on the Rhein and a shooting lodge in the Black Forest. How does the Baron de Grimm manage to do this? We have no idea; but he does it nevertheless.

❀

Far more mysterious is the same transmogrification when effected in photography. We have, for instance, a photograph of a friend, a good American from Brooklyn, taken by Schemboche, of Florence, and in it he is beyond any question a true Italian. It is an excellent likeness, too. And so a French photographer will turn you into a Frenchman, and an Austrian photographer into a subject of the Hapsburg Kaiser. It is very curious, and we should like some professional person who knows all about photography and psychology and several other things, to work out an explanation for us. Of course the spiritualists and other occult persons have an answer to the question, but we want something scientific.

❀

Meyer's *Konversationslexikon*, which has now advanced as far as the ninth volume, proves to be a most valuable work. One of the chief claims of the publishers is that the articles will be scholarly and in every sense up to the times. This is demonstrated by several articles in the ninth volume; the most striking of which is probably that on Japan, to which twenty-two pages and a good map of Japan and Corea are devoted. The geography, history, and civilisation of the Empire are briefly, but scholarly discussed. To the person interested in the German colonies, the article on Kamerun will be attractive. The articles on the Jesuits and on the Jews are especially interesting from a historical and ethnographical standpoint. Among literary subjects are a good presentation of the history of Italian literature; and a discussion of Junges Deutschland, which corresponds with the best current opinions. Medicine is represented by a new and scholarly article on hypnotism. The numerous illustrations are prepared in the most artistic manner, quite a large number of them being in colours.

❀

A well-known author of this city, who owns a remarkable collection of death-masks of distinguished men, having heard that a certain foreigner had made by permission a mask of Eugene Field, wrote to him and courteously asked whether a replica of it might be secured. A reply was soon received couched in very brusque language, to the effect that no replica would be furnished, but that the original mask might be purchased of him for a thousand dollars. Whereupon the author sat down and wrote the following letter:

DEAR SIR:

I am in receipt of your note in which you decline to allow me to make any offer for a replica of your death mask of Mr. Eugene Field, but offer to sell me the original for a thousand dollars. I fear that my collection must remain without the mask in question, as also of any mask of yourself; for I feel certain that when the time comes for the making of the latter, there will not be clay enough available to cover your cheek.

Very truly yours,

———

❀

About half of the introductory number of the new *Historical Review* is taken up with book reviews. Some of these are admirable, and with all due deference to the sedate goddess of scientific history, it may be said that they lose nothing of historical value from an occasional bit of amusing description or sharp characterisation. It does one's heart good, for instance, to run across an incidental allusion to Von Holst's "aerial route" over the "ridges of time." Any one who has zigzagged through space on Von Holst's tangled metaphors will appreciate it. But while the uninitiated may venture into the magazine through this department—through the back-door, so to speak—let them have a care how they enter in at the stern portals of the opening article on "History and Democracy." *Procul este profani!* The birth of the new magazine is here announced with a porten-

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tous solemnity and a pomp of rhetoric that remind one of the remark of De Quincey's servant-girl after one of her master's speeches: "Lord! The body's got sic a sight of words." Current literature seldom displays such tropical luxuriance of style. Unlike Von Holst, whose metaphors sometimes begin as rivers, turn into thunderstorms in the middle of the sentence, and emerge as raging conflagrations at the end, the present writer sticks to his figures of speech with Vergilian pertinacity—correct, but merciless.

❀

Far be it from THE BOOKMAN to quarrel with the subject matter of this article. It bows submissively even to the dictum that "the knowledge which is unrelated to philosophy has little value, if indeed it be anything more than curious information." Still we understand that the new review aims to secure for its articles the quality of good literary style, and from this somewhat frivolous and superficial point of view we venture to suggest a more sparing use of Oriental imagery, which, though it survives in the pulpit and on Commencement Day platforms, is ruthlessly edited out of existence in the pages of the successful magazines. It is sometimes difficult to get away from an over-metaphorical orator or parson, but a magazine can be tossed aside without scruple, and even when popularity is not the chief end in view, it is just as well to conform to modern requirements in matters of literary style, for no scientific principle has ever yet suffered from being set forth in correct, vigorous, and incisive English.

❀

It is a commonplace to say that good historical writing should be also good literature, but at the present time there appears to be some danger that American historical writers, in their devotion to facts and philosophy, will neglect manner and form. Nothing is gained by making learning repulsive; and locomotion by means of pedagogical stilts is neither rapid nor graceful. Therefore, from the humble station of a mere literary critic, we urge the learned editors of the new review to be not metaphorical overmuch—not to say too much about the rivers of history and the sands of time and the launching of the frail bark of historical criticism—and, above all, not to begin a sentence with "Consequently, therefore," or to smother a tender idea with a mass of verbiage—in other words, not to do any more violence to the canons of literary taste than they would do if they were mere plain literary men, without any profundity of subject-matter to make amends for stupidity of style.

❀

We have been much interested in looking over the courses prescribed by the Ministry of Public Instruction as a part of the general scheme adopted for secondary education in France. It is particularly pleasant to see so many American authors represented in the courses in English Literature. Besides Washington Irving, Franklin (the *Autobiography*), and Longfellow, we note the names of Miss Alcott and John Habberton, these last in the courses for girls. The titles of the particular works recommended are given in French, and *An Old-Fashioned Girl* and *Helen's Babies* suffer a sea-change in figuring respectively as *Une Demoiselle à la Vieille Mode* and *Les Enfants d'Hélène*.

❀

Fiona Macleod, whose *Pharais* and *The Mountain Lovers* were reviewed at length in the October BOOKMAN, has a series of short tales and episodes under the title "From the Hebrid Isles," with some fine illustrations of Hebridean scenery, in the December *Harper's*. In Miss Macleod the Celtic Scot, or more correctly, the Scottish Highlander, hitherto almost inarticulate in literature, is striving to find a voice. There is a genuine ring in the sympathetic utterance of this Celtic writer who allies herself with her people—"we of the passing race in the isles and the Highlands"—that has its pathetic note, as she mourns that "all things sacred to the Celtic race are smiled at by the gentle and mocked by the vulgar. One day will come"—and the note swells to indignation—"when men will be sorrier for what is irrevocably lost than ever a nation mourned for a lapsed dominion. It is a bitter, cruel thing that strangers must rule the heart and brains as well as the poor fortunes of the mountaineers and islanders. But in doing their best to thrust Celtic life, Celtic speech, Celtic thought into the sea, they are working a sore hurt for themselves that they shall lament in the day of adversity."

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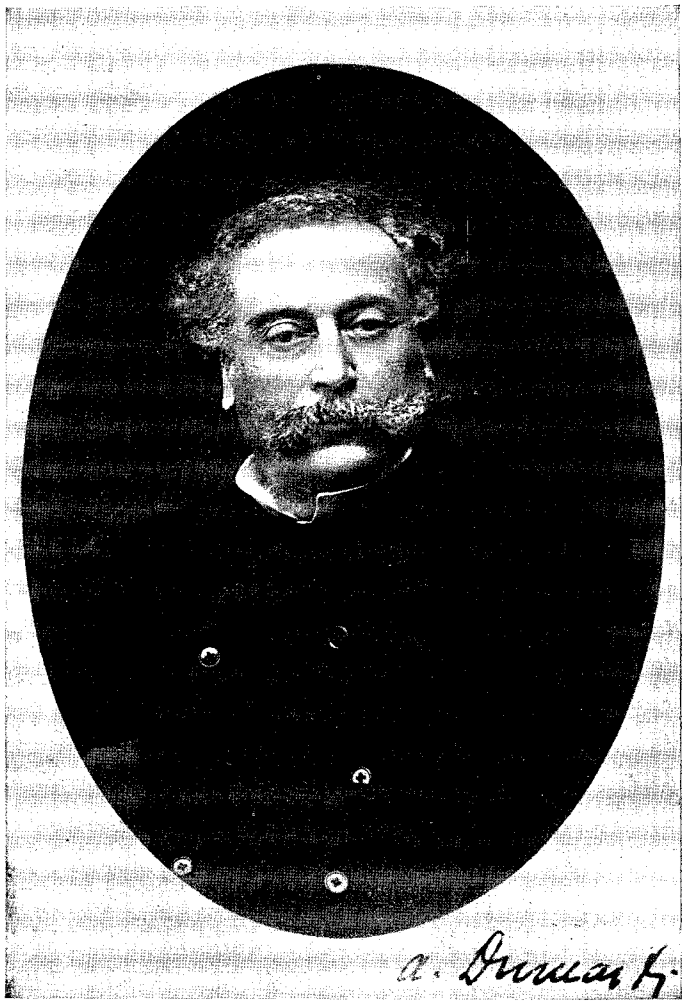

ALEXANDRE DUMAS FILS.

The great dramatist who secured for the name of Alexandre Dumas claims to immortality stronger, perhaps, than those possessed by the author of *Monte Cristo* and *Les trois Mousquetaires*, Alexandre Dumas the younger, in a long and eloquent note, which in the edition of his plays follows the text of *La Princesse de Bagdad*, wrote, a few years only before his death, the following lines: "*Rien ne peut faire que je n'aie pas aimé, cherché et dit la vérité, que je n'aie pas voulu le bien, que je n'aie pas poursuivi un idéal.*" These words express the idea which the author of *Le Demi-Monde* wished the world to preserve of him. Whether they represented him faithfully, whether the peculiar strength of his productions is due mainly, or at least in part, to the virtues which they describe, is, it seems to us, the most important question to be examined in a paper the object of which is to ascertain which place he is to hold in the eyes of posterity among the writers whose words constitute what we sometimes call permanent literature.

Of the features so tersely claimed for himself and his life by Alexandre Dumas fils, the most important is the possession of an "ideal." To have an

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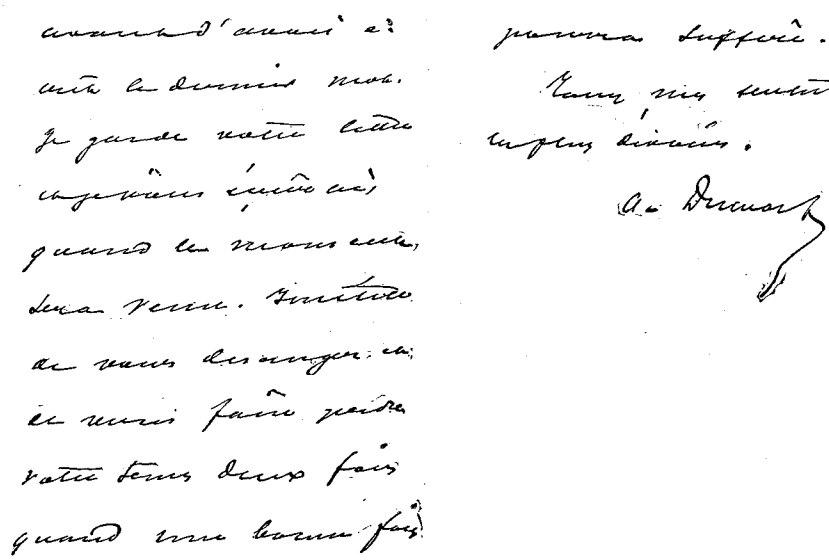
ideal, or better, as he says, *poursuivre un idéal*, gives to one's life and work above all unity, and this quality of unity is what must strike even the most superficial observer of Dumas's plays. This is what at once distinguishes him from the other great French dramatists whose life was contemporaneous with his, Émile Augier and Victorien Sardou. What a distance between *La Ciguë*, that charming Greek sketch, and *Les Fourchambault*, one of the most searching studies of modern society ever put on the stage! In Sardou's case variety becomes almost bewildering. Are *Madame Benoiton* and *Le Roi Carotte*, *Nos Bons Villageois* and *Patrie*, *Séraphine*, and *Théodora* really by the same author? In Dumas fils's dramatic production, if we leave out *Le Bijou de la Reine*, which he wrote when only twenty years of age, and which was never presented to the real public, *le public qui y va de sa pièce de cent sous*, as Sarcey says, we find only one kind of plays, what the author's countrymen call *des pièces à thèse*. Dumas fils always wishes to prove something; he proves it to his own satisfaction, and is ready, or rather *was*, to write at the close of his book the mathematician's Q. E. D.

A time even came in his life when it seemed to him that his plays alone did not make his ideas sufficiently clear to the public, and when he poured into his prefaces a quantity of arguments which he had been unable to work into his dialogue. This began about the year 1867, when Dumas was a little over forty years of age, and considered himself mature enough to lecture his fellow-men, and especially his fellow-countrymen, including the women, without running too great a risk of appearing ridiculous.

To the striking unity of his literary work, however, another cause may perhaps be ascribed in addition to the one we have just pointed out—viz., the example of his father. This example acted upon him as a deterrent. No illustrious father was ever more admired by an illustrious son than the author of *Monte Cristo* by the author of *Le Demi-Monde*. The opening words of the latter's *discours de réception* in the French Academy were so touching, only because of their undeniable sincerity; but for all that, the faults of the father were discerned by no one more clearly than by the son, or else he would not have written *Un Père Prodigue*, one of his most interesting plays. Dumas père was a spendthrift, and not in money matters only; he squandered the splendid gifts of his semi-African nature, which made Michelet write to him: *Monsieur, je vous aime et je vous admire, car vous êtes*



FAC-SIMILE OF AUTOGRAPH OF DUMAS FILS.

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une des forces de la nature. And to this uninterrupted squandering of the most robust literary constitution of modern times is due the undoubted fact that the place of the elder Dumas in permanent literature is by no means secure. Generation after generation has been interested and amused by him, and yet his influence on his time cannot compare even with that of Eugène Sue; and he has not left behind him a single work that can be called a masterpiece. The son very early took an oath to himself that he would be a better manager of his intellectual assets, and so it happens that, with natural gifts not for a moment to be compared with those of his father, he stands out, on the moment when he leaves the society of the living, the most striking figure in the numerous and brilliant array of France's nineteenth-century dramatists.

More striking even than Hugo? Undoubtedly. In Hugo's *admirable répertoire* (these are Dumas fils's own words) to-day only two plays remain that have the power of riveting the attention of the public to the stage, *Hernani* and *Ruy-Blas*, and even here, were it not for the music of the lines, the incongruities of the drama would shock the spectator almost at every step. Still no one can deny that to Hugo Dumas fils is indebted, not only for the chief inspiration to which he owed his first success, but also up to a certain point for the general character of his plays. *La Dame aux Camélias* is a descendant of *Marion Delorme*. Both Hugo and Dumas undertook to demonstrate to the public that true love can exist in a courtesan's heart, and can cleanse her of her former impurity. The poet did it with the accumulation of contrasts, which was both a need of his own nature and one of the principles of the Romantic School; the young dramatist with the innate logic of his mind and the simple resources of modern life; there Cardinal Richelieu, his red robe and the scaffold, here a bourgeois father, and death from consumption.

In one important respect *La Dame aux Camélias* fits in closely with the rest of Dumas's plays; otherwise the differences are very striking. They all deal solely with the intercourse of man and woman in modern society, especially with irregular intercourse. Hardly ever in Dumas's plays is the question, "Will *Mr.* So-and-so marry *Miss* So-and-so. In *Le Demi-Monde* we do not care very much whether Olivier de Jalin is or is not to marry Marcelle; we are much more interested in the development of *La Baronne d'Ange's* career. In *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*, in *Denise*, the question of marriage is an all-important one; but in both cases the woman, though unmarried, has become a mother before the beginning of the play; and we cannot help calling here attention to the fact that the whole of the dramatic interest in an otherwise farcical play, which enjoyed some popularity in this country about fifteen years ago—Mr. Leonard Grover's *Our Boarding House*—was due to his bodily transferring into it the plot of *Les Idées de Madame Aubray*. In *La Princesse Georges* we have in one couple an adulterous husband, in the other an adulterous wife. *La Femme de Claude* is another Sylvanie de Terremonde; *La Visite de Noces* brings in contact with each other a man's bride and his former mistress. What is it that attracted Dumas fils to such themes as these? The last charge that could be fairly brought against him would be that of catering to any love of pruriency in the public of his day. In support of this assertion we beg to call attention to a characteristic fact. In the younger Dumas, the dramatist did more than overshadow the novelist, he killed him. After beginning to write for the stage he very soon ceased to publish novels. The novels he wrote are all but forgotten; few people to-day remember that *La Dame aux Camélias* was originally a dramatised novel. Once, however, after years of dramatic production, he turned again to novel writing, and published *L'Affaire Clémenceau*. This novel, a very striking one, dealt with a theme essentially similar to that of his plays. Why, then, a novel this time and not a play? The reason was seen when, after years of importunities, the author, who always refused to dramatise his novel, finally yielded to the entreaties of a younger brother craftsman and allowed Mr. Camille d'Artois to put *L'Affaire Clémenceau* upon the stage. The thing could not be done without the introduction in some scenes of decidedly immodest exhibitions. In Dumas's *own* plays there are no immodest scenes. His nature instinctively shrank from immodesty. Why, then, is there such a current of

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immodesty, of uncontrolled sexual passion in his plays? We think that the irregular circumstances of his own birth had a great deal to do with the case. Dumas' was what the French call *un tempérament réfléchi*. He could not but think about his own first steps in life. He lived in a society that claimed family as its corner-stone, and family was to him all but unknown. He was too loving a son ever to bring against his father a direct accusation; but that he felt keenly the incompleteness of his *état civil* is clear to any thoughtful reader of his plays and prefaces. Once or twice the expression becomes even painfully clear, in *Le Fils Naturel*, for instance, and also, perhaps, in *Monsieur Alphonse*, which we might be tempted to name as his most perfect play if we were compelled to award that distinction.

Dumas fils had not simply an ideal; he evidently considered himself a man with a mission. He had been compelled to look at that question, the intercourse of the sexes in modern society, and he called upon society to settle it so that nothing but the claims of civilised humanity and the evolution of a more dignified manhood should be allowed to interfere with the ennobling passion of love. Bold as his plots are, marriage passes through them unassailed, provided not brought about by ignoble considerations of ambition and money. Upon this point his plays may be considered a robust reaction against the bourgeois comedies of the all but forgotten, though formerly so celebrated Eugène Scribe.

But moral plays (and we think Dumas fils's plays *are* moral; he also unquestionably thought so) are not necessarily good plays; they may be tedious, and, as Boileau says,

Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.

The success of Dumas's plays is sufficient proof that, at least to the public of his time, his plays were not tedious. Moral plays may be weak plays. Dumas's plays are strong if anything. What is it that makes them so? In other words, in addition to his moral fire, to his love for the true and the good, which ought to be in every man, although we do not expect every man to be a great dramatist, what are Dumas's qualities?

Before we state what qualities he had, let us name one which he did not possess, or at least the possession of which by him does not reveal itself in his plays. We do not think that he was a very accurate observer of the outside world. In this respect he seems to us inferior not only to Augier, but even to Sardou, some scenes of whom may be considered almost perfect photographs of some corners of modern society. Dumas's dialogue, brilliant as it is, perhaps because of its very brilliancy, is never a reproduction of the conversational style really in use among the kind of people he puts upon the stage. The fact was noticed more than once; combative as he was, he never answered his accusers upon this point. Had he done so, he would, we feel convinced, have acknowledged the charge as true. On this point, as on many other ones, he was a lineal descendant of the great French dramatists of the seventeenth century. True, he did not write his plays in alexandrines, as Corneille and Racine did; but as Corneille and Racine, he would none the less have claimed the right of using in his plays his own style. He had wit, he had eloquence; therefore his characters are witty and eloquent. He was a master of French style; therefore every one of his characters almost speaks as an academician. The strength of his plays does not lie in their faithfulness to life, but to the human heart.

The outside world was neglected by Dumas, however, only in its minor aspects. Though he paid little attention to its furniture, so that his plays could almost be acted without any scenery, and to its small talk, so that his works are almost entirely free from allusions to any of the subjects of society gossip, he was fully aware of its moral condition, of its philosophical tendencies, of its imperious duties; no patriotic Frenchman can have forgotten the letter written by him a short time after the close of the war of 1870, in which, after describing the kind of activity he wished his country to resume, he expressed the desire that on hearing the rumour arising from the fields, workshops, studios, and schools of France, every one in the world should say, *C'est la France qui travaille et qui se rachète*. His plots, therefore, all fit in with modern society. He does not go

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far for his characters. They are men and women of to-day ; they are *French* men and women of to-day. Their passions, their virtues, their faults, the difficulties against which they struggle are all modern possibilities. Dumas's plays are always problems. Here is your society, he says, its written and unwritten laws ; and here are facts that are possible in it. A young woman has been seduced by a man unworthy of her ; she is, however, at heart a noble woman ; she meets a man of true nobility of character, but a respecter of the world's ideas or prejudices : what will happen ? (*Denise*). An apparently flighty, but really earnest woman discovers that her husband considers the obligations of matrimony less binding upon him than upon his wife : what will happen ? (*Francillon*). A man of genius, but of an unsuspecting nature, has been lured into marriage with a woman who is all lust and greed : what will happen ? (*La Femme de Claude*), etc.

Dumas's dramatic construction is simplicity itself. His plays need but a short time. Here, again, we find the disciple of the classical dramatists of France. Of course no writer of the nineteenth century would think of subjecting himself to the tyrannical rule of the three unities ; but the romantic contempt for it, which is clearly visible in *La Dame aux Camélias*, has entirely disappeared from the later plays, written with a serious moral purpose. The spirit of the famous rule is respected if not its letter. Often there is no change of scenery from the beginning to the end ; as little time as possible elapses between the beginning and the end of the play ; and as for the unity of action, it is more carefully respected by Dumas than by any other dramatist save Racine.

His characters are not very complex ; their nature is presented to us almost solely from an ethical and intellectual standpoint. We are not expected to guess at anything ; what we ought to know is clearly told us ; the end of the play is really the conclusion of the author's reasoning. His characters are real men and women, not simply pawns in a game of chess, as some of Sardou's characters ; still less symbolic beings whose actions and words mean something that the spectator neither sees nor hears. Hence in his plays absolute clearness. This is the reason why they are so admired by Francisque Sarcey, unless we should say that Sarcey's great love for clearness and his inability to feel any sympathy for the works which do not possess that merit is due, partly at least, to the fact that, owing to the time in which his career as a critic was developed, he was called upon to criticise Dumas's plays oftener than those of any other great dramatist.

After all this shall we say that Dumas fils's plays are perfect ? By no means ; but we sincerely believe that they offer the most perfect dramatic products of one of the greatest qualities of the human mind—viz., logic. The trouble is, that life is not always logical, and even that, as has been said more than once, it would be perfectly intolerable but for man's inconsistency. But when logic is clothed with the eloquence of Olivier de Jalin, of Jacques Vignot, of Séverine de Birac, of Madame Aubray, of Thouvenin, or simply of Alexandre Dumas fils, when the moving power that underlies the argument is a desire not simply for success, but for the mastery over the minds of men, and when that object itself in the eyes of the author is only second to a passion for the true and the good, the product resulting therefrom cannot be an indifferent one, and it possesses that inner strength which carries works of art, with strong chances of a favourable sentence, to the tribunal of a remote, and therefore impartial posterity.

Adolphe Cohn.

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KATE CARNEGIE.*

CHAPTER I.

PANDEMONIUM.

IT was the morning before the Twelfth five-and-twenty years ago, and nothing like unto Muirtown Station could have been found in all the travelling world. For Muirtown, as everybody knows, is the centre which receives the southern immigrants in autumn, and distributes them, with all their belongings of servants, horses, dogs, and luggage, over the north country from Athole to Sutherland. All night through trains, whose ordinary formation had been reinforced by horse boxes, carriage trucks, saloons and luggage vans, drawn by two engines and pushed up inclines by another, had been careering along the three iron trunk roads that run from London to the North. Four hours ago they had forced the border, that used to be more jealously guarded, and had begun to converge on their terminus. Passengers, awakened by the caller air and looking out still half asleep, miss the undisciplined hedgerows and many-shaped patches of pasture, the warm brick homesteads and shaded ponds. Square fields cultivated up to a foot of the stone dykes or wire fencing, the strong grey-stone farmhouses, the swift-running burns, and the never-distant hills, brace the mind. Local passengers come in with deliberation, whose austere faces condemn the luxurious disorder of night travel and challenge the defence of Arminian doctrine. A voice shouts "Carstairs Junction" with a command of the letter r, which is the bequest of an unconquerable past, and inspires one with the hope of some day hearing a freeborn Scot say "Auchterarder." The train runs over bleak moorlands with black peat holes, through alluvial straths yielding their last pickle of corn, between iron furnaces blazing strangely in the morning light, at the foot of historical castles on rocks that rise out of the fertile plains, and then, after a space of sudden darkness, any man with a soul counts the ten hours' dust and heat but a slight price for the sight of the Scottish Rhine flowing deep, clear, and swift by the foot of its wooded hills and the "Fair City" in the heart of her meadows.

"Do you see the last wreath of mist floating off the summit of the hill, and the silver sheen of the river against the green of the woods? Quick, Dad," and the General, accustomed to obey, stood up beside Kate for the brief glimpse between the tunnel and a prison. Yet they had seen the snows of the Himalayas, and the great river that runs through the plains of India. But it is so with Scottish folk that they may have lived opposite the Jungfrau at Murren, and walked among the big trees of the Yosemite Valley, and watched the blood-red afterglow on the Pyramids, and yet will value a sunset behind the Cuchullin hills, and the Pass of the Trossachs, and the mist shot through with light on the sides of Ben Nevis, and the Tay at Dunkeld—just above the bridge—better guerdon for their eyes.

"Aye, lassie"—the other people had left at Stirling, and the General fell back upon the past—"there's just one bonnier river, and that's the Tochty at a bend below the Lodge as we shall see it, please God, this evening."

"Tickets," broke in a voice with authority. "This is no the station, an' ye 'ill hae to wait till the first diveesion o' yir train is emptied. Kildrummie? Ye change, of coorse, but yir branch 'ill hae a lang wait the day. It 'ill be an awfu' fecht wi' the Hielant train. Muirtown platform 'ill be worth seein'; it 'ill juist be michty," and the collector departed, smacking his lips in prospect of the fray.

"Upon my word," said the General, taken aback for a moment by the easy manners of his countrymen, but rejoic-

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ing in every new assurance of home, "our people are no blate.

"Isn't it delicious to be where character has not been worn smooth by centuries of oppression, but where each man is himself? Conversation has salt here, and tastes in the mouth. We've just heard two men speak this morning, and each face is bitten into my memory. Now our turn has come," and the train came in at last.

Porters, averaging six feet and with stentorian voices, were driving back the mixed multitude in order to afford foothold for the new arrivals on that marvellous landing place, which served for all the trains which came in and all that went out, both north and south. One man tears open the door of a first with commanding gesture. "A' change and hurry up. Na, na," rejecting the offer of a private engagement; "we hev nae time for that trade the day. Ye maun cairry yir bags yersels; the dogs and boxes 'ill tak us a' oor time." He unlocks an under compartment and drags out a pair of pointers, who fawn upon him obsequiously in gratitude for their release. "Doon wi' ye," as one to whom duty denies the ordinary courtesies of life, and he fastens them to the base of an iron pillar. Deserted immediately by their deliverer, the pointers make overtures to two elderly ladies, standing bewildered in the crush, to be repulsed with umbrellas, and then sit down upon their tails in despair. Their forlorn condition, left friendless amid this babel, gets upon their nerves, and after a slight rehearsal, just to make certain of the tune, they lift up their voices in melodious concert, to the scandal of the two females, who cannot escape the neighbourhood, and regard the pointers with horror. Distant friends, also in bonds and distress of mind, feel comforted and join cheerfully, while a large black retriever, who had foolishly attempted to obstruct a luggage barrow with his tail, breaks in with a high solo. Two collies, their tempers irritated by obstacles as they followed their masters, who had been taking their morning in the second-class refreshment room, fall out by the way, and obtain as by magic a clear space in which to settle details; while a fox-terrier, escaping from his anxious mistress, has mounted a pile of boxes and gives a general challenge.

Porters fling open packed luggage vans with a swing, setting free a cataract of portmanteaus, boxes, hampers, baskets, which pours across the platform for yards, led by a frolicsome black leather valise, whose anxious owner has fought her adventurous way to the van for the purpose of explaining to a phlegmatic Scot that he would know it by a broken strap, and must lift it out gently, for it contained breakables.

"It can gang itsel, that ane," as the afflicted woman followed its reckless progress with a wail. "Sall, if they were a' as clever on their feet as yon box there wud be less tribble," and with two assistants he fell upon the congested mass within. They perform prodigies of strength, handling huge trunks that ought to have filled some woman with repentance as if they were Gladstone bags, and light weights as if they were paper parcels. With unerring scent they detect the latest label among the remains of past history, and the air resounds with "Hielant train," "Aiberdeen fast," "Aiberdeen slow," "Muirtown"—this with indifference—and at a time "Dunleith," and once "Kildrummie," with much contempt. By this time stacks of baggage of varying size have been erected, the largest of which is a pyramid in shape, with a very uncertain apex.

Male passengers—heads of families and new to Muirtown—hover anxiously round the outskirts, and goaded on by female commands, rush into the heart of the fray for the purpose of claiming a piece of luggage, which turns out to be some other person's, and retire hastily after a fair-sized portmanteau descends on their toes, and the sharp edge of a trunk takes them in the small of the back. Footmen with gloves and superior airs make gentlemanly efforts to collect the family luggage, and are rewarded by having some hopelessly vulgar tin boxes, heavily roped, deposited among its initialled glory. One elderly female who had been wise to choose some other day to revisit her native town, discovers her basket flung up against a pillar, like wreckage from a storm, and settles herself down upon it with a sigh of relief. She remains unmoved amid the turmoil, save when a passing gun-case tips her bonnet to one side, giving her a very rakish air, and a good-natured retriever on a neighbouring box is so much taken with her ap-

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pearance that he offers her a friendly caress. Restless people—who remember that their train ought to have left half an hour ago, and cannot realise that all bonds are loosed on the eleventh—fasten on any man in a uniform, and suffer many rebuffs.

"There's nae use asking me," answers a guard, coming off duty and pushing his way through the crowd as one accustomed to such spectacles; "a'm juist in frae Carlisle; get haud o' a porter."

"Cupar Angus?"—this from the porter—"that's the Aiberdeen slow; it's no made up yet, and little chance o't till the express an' the Hielant be aff. Whar 'ill it start frae?" breaking away; "forrit, a' tell ye, forrit."

Fathers of families, left on guard and misled by a sudden movement "forrit," rush to the waiting-room and bring out, for the third time, the whole expedition, to escort them back again with shame. Barrows with towering piles of luggage are pushed through the human mass by two porters, who allow their engine to make its own way with much confidence, condescending only at a time to shout, "A' say, hey, oot o' there," and treating any testy complaint with the silent contempt of a drayman for a costermonger. Old hands, having fed at their leisure in callous indifference to all alarms, lounge about in great content, and a group of sheep farmers, having endeavoured in vain, after one tasting, to settle the merits of a new sheep dip, take a glance in the "Hielant" quarter, and adjourn the conference once more to the refreshment-room. Groups of sportsmen discuss the prospects of to-morrow in detail, and tell stories of ancient twelfths, while chieftains from London, in full Highland dress, are painfully conscious of the whiteness of their legs. A handful of preposterous people who persist in going south when the world has its face northwards, threaten to complain to headquarters if they are not sent away, and an official with a loud voice and a subtle gift of humour intimates that a train is about to leave for Dundee.

During this time wonderful manœuvres have been executed on the lines of rail opposite the platform. Trains have left with all the air of a departure and disappeared round a curve outside the station, only to return in fragments. Half-a-dozen carriages pass without an engine, as if they had started on their own account, break vans that one saw presiding over expresses stand forsaken, a long procession of horse boxes rattles through, and a saloon carriage, with people, is so much in evidence that the name of an English Duke is freely mentioned, and every new passage relieves the tedium of the waiting.

Out of all this confusion trains begin to grow and take shape, and one, with green carriages, looks so complete that a rumour spreads that the Hielant train has been made up and may appear any minute in its place. The sunshine beating through the glass roof, the heat of travel, the dust of the station, the moving carriages with their various colours, the shouts of railway officials, the recurring panics of fussy passengers, begin to affect the nerves. Conversation becomes broken, porters are beset on every side with questions they cannot answer, rushes are made on any empty carriages within reach, a child is knocked down and cries.

Over all this excitement and confusion one man is presiding, untiring, forceful, ubiquitous—a sturdy man, somewhere about five feet ten, whose lungs are brass and nerves fine steel wire. He is dressed, as to his body, in brown corduroy trousers, a blue jacket and waistcoat with shining brass buttons, a grey flannel shirt, and a silver-braided cap, which, as time passes, he thrusts farther back on his head till its peak stands at last almost erect, a crest seen high above the conflict. As to the soul of him, this man is clothed with resolution, courage, authority, and an infectious enthusiasm. He is the brain and will of the whole organism, its driving power. Drivers lean out of their engines, one hand on the steam throttle, their eyes fixed on this man; if he waved his hands, trains move; if he held them up, trains halt. Strings of carriages out in the open are carrying out his plans, and the porters toil like maniacs to meet his commands. Piles of luggage disappear as he directs the attack, and his scouts capture isolated boxes hidden among the people. Every horse box has a place in his memory, and he has calculated how many carriages would clear the north traffic; he carries the destination of families in his head, and has made arrangements

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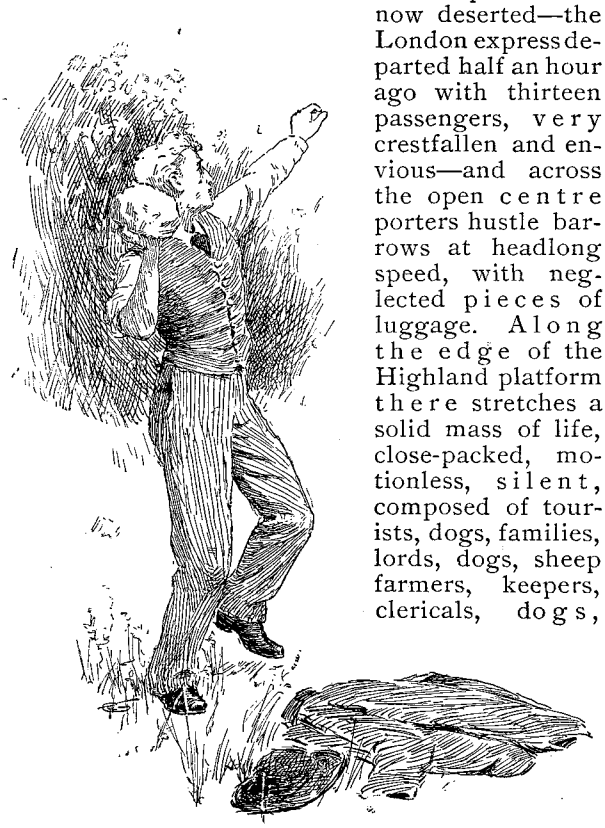
for their comfort. "Soon ready now, sir," as he passed swiftly down to receive the last southerner, "and a second compartment reserved for you," till people watched for him, and the sound of his voice, "forrit wi' the Hielant luggage," inspired bewildered tourists with confidence, and became an argument for Providence. There is a general movement towards the northern end of the station; five barrows, whose luggage swings dangerously and has to be held on, pass in procession; dogs are collected and trailed along in bundles; families pick up their bags and press after their luggage, cheered to recognise a familiar piece peeping out from strange goods; a bell is rung with insistence. The Aberdeen express leaves—its passengers regarding the platform with pity—and the guard of the last van slamming his door in triumph. The great man concentrates his forces with a wave of his hand for the *tour de force* of the year, the despatch of the Hielant train.

The southern end of the platform is now deserted—the London express departed half an hour ago with thirteen passengers, very crestfallen and envious—and across the open centre porters hustle barrows at headlong speed, with neglected pieces of luggage. Along the edge of the Highland platform there stretches a solid mass of life, close-packed, motionless, silent, composed of tourists, dogs, families, lords, dogs, sheep farmers, keepers, clericals, dogs, footmen, commercials, ladies' maids, grooms, dogs, waiting for the empty train that, after deploying hither and thither, picking up some trifle, a horse box or a duke's saloon, at every new raid, is now backing slowly in for its freight. The expectant crowd has ceased from conversation, sporting or otherwise; respectable elderly gentlemen brace themselves for the scramble, and examine their nearest neighbours suspiciously; heads of families gather their belongings round them by signs and explain in a whisper how to act; one female tourist—of a certain age and severe aspect—refreshes her memory as to the best window for the view of Killiecrankie. The luggage has been piled in huge masses at each end of the siding; the porters rest themselves against it, taking off their caps, and wiping their foreheads with handkerchiefs of many colours and uses. It is the stillness before the last charge; beyond the outermost luggage an arm is seen waving, and the long coil of carriages begins to twist into the station.



CARMICHAEL HAD TAKEN HIS TURN.

People who know their ancient Muirtown well, and have taken part in this day of days, will remember a harbour of refuge beside the bookstall, protected by the buffers of the Highland siding on one side and a breakwater of luggage on the other, and persons within this shelter could see the storming of the train to great advantage. Carmichael, the young Free Kirk minister of Drumtochty, who had been tasting the civilisation of Muirtown overnight and was waiting for the Dunleith train, leant against the back of the bookstall, watching the scene with frank, boyish interest. Rather under six feet in height, he passed for more, because he stood so straight and looked so slim, for his limbs were as slender as a woman's, while women (in Muirtown) had envied his hands and feet. But in chest measure he was only two inches behind Saunders Baxter, the grieve of Drumsheugh, who was the standard of manhood by whom all others were tried and (mostly) condemned in Drumtochty. Chancing to come upon Saunders putting the stone one day with the bothy lads, Carmichael had taken his turn, with the result that his stone lay foremost in the final heat by an inch exactly. MacLure saw them kneeling together to measure, the Free Kirk minister and the plough-

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men all in a bunch, and went on his way rejoicing to tell the Free Kirk folk that their new minister was a man of his hands. His hair was fair, just touched with gold, and he wore it rather long, so that in the excitement of preaching a lock sometimes fell down on his forehead, which he would throw back with a toss of his head—a gesture Mrs. Macfadyen, our critic, thought very taking. His dark blue eyes used to enlarge with passion in the Sacrament and grow so tender, the healthy tan disappeared and left his cheeks so white, that the mothers were terrified lest he should die early, and sent offerings of cream on Monday morning. For though his name was Carmichael, he had Celtic blood in him, and was full of all kinds of emotion, but mostly those that were brave and pure and true. He had done well at the University, and was inclined to be philosophical, for he knew little of himself and nothing of the world. There were times when he allowed himself to be supercilious and sarcastic; but it was not for an occasional jingle of cleverness the people loved him, or, for that matter, any other man. It was his humanity that won their hearts, and this he had partly from his mother, partly from his training. Through a kind providence and his mother's countryness, he had been brought up among animals—birds, mice, dormice, guinea-pigs, rabbits, dogs, cattle, horses, till he knew all their ways, and loved God's creatures as did St. Francis d'Assisi, to whom every creature of God was dear, from Sister Swallow to Brother Wolf. So he learned, as he grew older, to love men and women and little children, even although they might be ugly, or stupid, or bad-tempered, or even wicked, and this sympathy cleansed away many a little fault of pride and self-conceit and impatience and hot temper, and in the end of the days made a man of John Carmichael. The dumb animals had an instinct about this young fellow, and would make overtures to him that were a certificate for any situation requiring character. Horses by the wayside neighed at his approach, and stretched out their velvet muzzles to be stroked. Dogs insisted upon sitting on his knees, unless quite prevented by their size, and then they put their paws on his chest. Hillocks was utterly scandalised by his collie's familiarity with the minister, and brought him to his senses by the application of a boot, but Carmichael waived all apologies. "Rover and I made friends two days ago on the road, and my clothes will take no injury." And indeed they could not, for Carmichael, except on Sundays and at funerals, wore a soft hat and suit of threadbare tweeds, on which a microscopist could have found traces of a peat bog, moss off dykes, the scale of a trout, and a tiny bit of heather.

His usual fortune befell him that day in Muirtown Station, for two retrievers, worming their way through the luggage, reached him, and made known their wants.

"Thirsty? I believe you. All the way from England, and heat enough to roast you alive. I've got no dish, else I'd soon get water.

"Inverness? Poor chaps, that's too far to go with your tongues like a lime-kiln. Down, good dogs; I'll be back in a minute."

You can have no idea, unless you have tried it, how much water a soft clerical hat can hold—if you turn up the edges and bash down the inside with your fist, and fill the space up to the brim. But it is difficult to convey such a vessel with undiminished content through a crowd, and altogether impossible to lift one's eyes. Carmichael was therefore quite unconscious that two new-comers to the shelter were watching him with keen delight as he came in bareheaded, flushed, triumphant—amid howls of welcome—and knelt down to hold the cup till—drinking time about in strict honour—the retrievers had reached the maker's name.

"Do you think they would like a biscuit?" said a clear, sweet, low voice, with an accent of pride and just a flavour of amusement in its tone. Carmichael rose in much embarrassment, and was quite confounded.

They were standing together—father and daughter, evidently—and there was no manner of doubt about him. A spare man, without an ounce of superfluous flesh, straight as a rod, and having an air of command, with keen grey eyes, close-cropped hair turning white, a clean-shaven face except where a heavy moustache covered a firm-set mouth—one recognised in him a retired army man of rank, a colonel at least, it might be a general; and the bronze on

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his face suggested long Indian service. But he might have been dressed in Rob Roy tartan, or been a naval officer in full uniform, for all Carmichael knew. A hundred thousand faces pass before your eyes and are forgotten, mere physical impressions ; you see one, and it is in your heart for ever, as you saw it the first time. Wavy black hair, a low, straight forehead, hazel eyes with long eyelashes, a perfectly-shaped Grecian nose, a strong mouth, whose upper lip had a curve of softness, a clear-cut chin with one dimple, small ears set high in the head, and a rich creamy complexion —that was what flashed upon Carmichael as he turned from the retrievers. He was a man so unobservant of women that he could not have described a woman's dress to save his life or any other person's ; and now that he is married—he is a middle-aged man now and threatened with stoutness—it is his wife's reproach that he does not know when she wears her new spring bonnet for the first time. Yet he took in this young woman's dress, from the smart hat, with a white bird's wing on the side, and the close-fitting tailor-made jacket, to the small, well-gloved hand in dog-skin, the grey tweed skirt, and one shoe, with a tip on it, that peeped out below her frock. Critics might have hinted that her shoulders were too square, and that her figure wanted somewhat in softness of outline ; but it seemed to Carmichael that he had never seen so winsome or high-bred a woman ; and so it has also seemed to many who have gone farther afield in the world than the young minister of Drumtochty.

Carmichael was at that age when a man prides himself on dressing and thinking as he pleases, and had quite scandalised a Muirtown elder—a stout gentleman, who had come out in '43, and could with difficulty be weaned from Dr. Chalmers—by making his appearance on the preceding evening in amazing tweeds and a grey flannel shirt. He explained casually that for a fifteen-mile walk flannels were absolutely necessary, and that he was rather pleased to find that he had come from door to door in four hours and two minutes exactly. His host was at a loss for words, because he was comparing this unconventional youth with the fathers, who wore large white stocks and ambled along at about two and a half miles an hour, clearing their throats also in a very impressive way, and seasoning the principles of the Free Kirk with snuff of an excellent fragrance. It was hard even for the most generous charity to identify the spirit of the Disruption in such a figure, and the good elder grew so proper and so didactic that Carmichael went from bad to worse.

"Well, you would find the congregation in excellent order. The Professor was a most painstaking man, though retiring in disposition, and his sermons were thoroughly solid and edifying. They were possibly just a little above the heads of Drumtochty, but I always enjoyed Mr. Cunningham myself," nodding his head as one who understood all mysteries.

"Did you ever happen to hear the advice Jamie Soutar gave the deputation from Muirtown when they came up to see whether Cunningham would be fit for the North Kirk, where two Bailies stand at the plate every day, and the Provost did not think himself good enough to be an elder?" for Carmichael was full of wickedness that day, and earning a judgment.

His host indicated that the deputation had given in a very full and satisfactory report—he was, in fact, on the Session of the North himself—but that no reference had been made to Jamie.

"Well, you must know," and Carmichael laid himself out for narration, "the people were harassed with raids from the Lowlands during Cunningham's time, and did their best in self-defence. Spying makes men cunning, and it was wonderful how many subterfuges the deputations used to practise. They would walk from Kildrummie as if they were staying in the district, and one retired tradesman talked about the crops as if he was a farmer, but it was a pity that he didn't know the difference between the cereals.

"'Yon man that wes up aifter yir minister, Elspeth,' Hillocks said to Mrs. Macfadyen, 'hesna hed muckle money spent on his eddication. "A graund field o' barley," he says, and as sure as a'm stannin' here, it wes the haugh field o' aits.'

"'He's frae Glagie,' was all Elspeth answered, 'and by next Friday we 'ill hae his name an' kirk. He said he wes up for a walk an' juist dropped in, the wratch.' Some drove from Muirtown,

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giving out that they were English tourists, speaking with a fine East Coast accent, and were rebuked by Lachlan Campbell for breaking the Sabbath. Your men put up their trap at the last farm in Netheraird—which always has grudged Drumtochty its ministers and borne their removal with resignation—and came up in pairs, who pretended they did not know one another.

"Jamie was hearing the Professor's last lecture on Justification, and our people asked him to take charge of the strangers. He found out the town from their hats, and escorted them to the boundaries of the parish, assisting their confidences till one of your men—I think it was the Provost—admitted that it had taken them all their time to follow the sermon.

"'A'm astonished at ye,' said Jamie, for the Netheraird man let it out; 'yon wes a sermon for young fouk, juist milk, ye ken, tae the ordinar' discoorses. Surely,' as if the thought had just struck him, 'ye werena thinkin' o' callin' Maister Cunningham tae Muirtown.

"'Edinboorgh, noo; that micht dae gin the feck o' the members be professors, but Muirtown wud be clean havers. There's times when the Drumtochty fouk themsels canna understand the cratur, he's that deep. As for Muirtown'—here Jamie allowed himself a brief rest of enjoyment; 'but ye've hed a fine drive, tae sae naethin' o' the traivel.'"

Then, having begun, Carmichael retailed so many of Jamie's most wicked sayings, and so exalted the Glen as a place "where you can go up one side and down the other with your dogs, and every second man you meet will give you something to remember," that the city dignitary doubted afterwards to his wife "whether this young man was . . . quite what we have been accustomed to in a Free Church minister." Carmichael ought to have had repentances for shocking a worthy man, but instead thereof laughed in his room and slept soundly, not knowing that he would be humbled in the dust by midday to-morrow.

It seemed to him on the platform as if an hour passed while he, who had played a city father, stood, clothed with shame, before this commanding young woman. Had she ever looked upon a more abject wretch? and Carmichael photographed himself with merciless accuracy, from his hair that he had not thrown back to an impress of dust which one knee had taken from the platform, and he registered a resolution that he would never be again boastfully indifferent to the loss of a button on his coat. She stooped and fed the dogs who did her homage, and he marked that her profile was even finer—more delicate, more perfect, more bewitching than her front face; but he still stood holding his shapeless hat in his hand, and for the first time in his life had no words to say.

"They are very polite dogs," and Miss Carnegie gave Carmichael one more chance; "they make as much of a biscuit as if it were a feast; but I do think dogs have such excellent manners, they are always so un-self-conscious."

"I wish I were a dog," said Carmichael, with much solemnity, and afterwards was filled with thankfulness that the baggage behind gave way, and that an exasperated porter was able to express his mind freely.

"Dinna try tae lift that box for ony sake, man. Sall, ye're no feared," as Carmichael, thirsting for action, swung it up unaided; and then, catching sight of the wisp of white, "A' didna see ye were a minister, an' the word cam oot sudden."

"You would find it a help to say Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham," and with a smile to Carmichael, still bare-headed and now redder than ever, Miss Carnegie went along the platform to see the Hielant train depart. It was worth waiting for the two minutes' scrimmage, and to hear the great man say, as he took off his cap with deliberation and wiped his brow, "That's anither year ower; some o' you lads see tae that Dunleith train." There was a day when Carmichael would have enjoyed the scene to the full, but now he had eyes for nothing but that tall, slim figure and the white bird's wing.

When they disappeared into the Dunleith train, Carmichael had a wild idea of entering the same compartment, and in the end had to be pushed into the last second by the guard, who knew most of his regular people and every one of the Drumtochty men. He was so much engaged with his own thoughts that he gave two English tourists to

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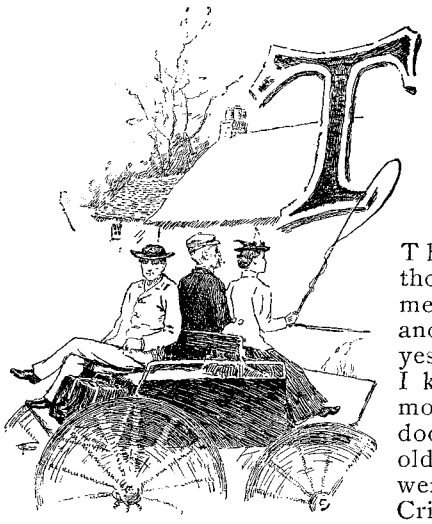
understand that Lord Kilspindie's castle, standing amid its woods on the bank of the Tay, was a recently erected dye work, and that as the train turned off the North trunk line they might at any moment enter the pass of Killiecrankie.

CHAPTER II.

PEACE.



"THE last stage now, Kit; in less than two hours we 'ill see Tochty woods. The very thought makes me a boy again, and it seems yesterday that I kissed your mother on the door-step of the old lodge and went off to the Crimean war.

"'That's Muirtown Castle over there in the wood—a grand place in its way, but nothing to our home, lassie. Kilspindie—he was Viscount Hay then—joined me at Muirtown, and we fought through the weary winter. He left the army after the war, with lots of honour. A good fellow was Hay, both in the trenches and the mess-room.

"I've never seen him since, and I daresay he's forgotten a battered old Indian. Besides, he's the big swell in this district, and I'm only a poor Hielant laird, with a wood and a tumble-down house and a couple of farms."

"You are also a shameless hypocrite and deceiver, for you believe that the Carnegies are as old as the Hays, and you know that, though you have only two farms, you have twelve medals and seven wounds. What does money matter? it simply makes people vulgar."

"Nonsense, lassie; if a Carnegie runs down money, it's because he has got none and wishes he had. If you and I had only had a few hundreds a year over the pay to rattle in our pockets, we should have lots of little pleasures, and you might have lived in England, with all sorts of variety and comfort, instead of wandering about India with a gang of stupid old chaps who have been so busy fighting that they never had time to read a book."

"You mean like yourself, dad, and V. C. and Colonel Kinloch? Where could a girl have found finer company than with my Knights of King Arthur? And do you dare to insinuate that I could have been content away from the regiment, that made me their daughter after mother died, and the army?

"Pleasure!" and Kate's cheek flushed. "I've had it since I was a little tot and could remember anything—the bugles sounding reveille in the clear air, and the sergeants drilling the new drafts in the morning, and the regiment coming out with the band before and you at its head, and hearing 'God save the Queen' at a review, and seeing the companies passing like one man before the General.

"Don't you think that's better than tea-drinking, and gossiping, and sewing meetings, and going for walks in some stupid little hole of a country town? Oh, you wicked, aggravating dad. Now, what more will money do?"

"Well," said the General, with much gravity, "if you were even a moderate heiress there is no saying but that we might pick up a presentable husband for you among the lairds. As it is, I fancy a country minister is all you could expect.

"Don't . . . my ears will come off some day; one was loosened by a cut in the Mutiny. No, I'll never do the like again. But some day you will marry, all the same," and Kate's father rubbed his ears.

"No, I'm not going to leave you, for nobody else could ever make a curry to please; and if I do, it will not be a Scotch minister—horrid, bigoted wretches, V.C. says. Am I like a minister's wife, to address mothers' meetings and write out sermons? By the way, is there a kirk at Drumtochty, or will you read prayers to Janet and Donald and me?"

"When I was a lad there was just one minister in Drumtochty, Dr. Davidson, a splendid specimen of the old school, who, on great occasions, wore gaiters and a frill with a diamond in the centre; he carried a gold-headed stick, and took snuff out of a presentation box.

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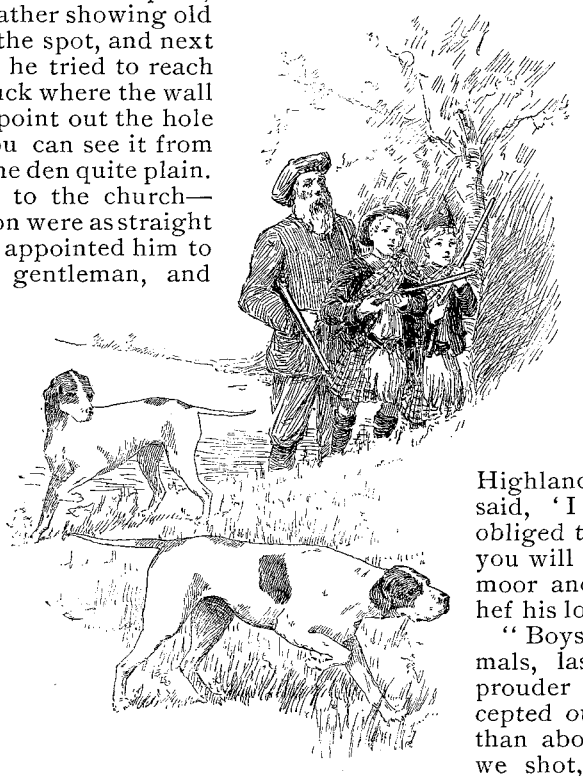
"His son Sandie was my age to a year, and many a ploy we had together; there was the jackdaw's nest in the ivy on the old tower we harried together," and the General could only indicate the delightful risk of the exploit. "My father and the Doctor were pacing the avenue at the time, and caught sight of us against the sky. 'It's your rascal and mine, Laird,' we heard the minister say, and they waited till we got down, and then each did his duty by his own for trying to break his neck; but they were secretly proud of the exploit, for I caught my father showing old Lord Kilspindie the spot, and next time Hay was up he tried to reach the place, and stuck where the wall hangs over. I'll point out the hole this evening; you can see it from the other side of the den quite plain.

"Sandie went to the church—I wish every parson were as straight—and Kilspindie appointed him to succeed the old gentleman, and when I saw him in his study last month, it seemed as if his father stood before you, except the breeches and the frill, but Sandie has a marvellous stock; what havers I'm deivin' you with, lassie."

"'Tell me about Sandie this minute—did he remember the raiding of the jackdaws?'"



"MANY A PLOY WE HAD TOGETHER."

"He did," cried the General in great spirits; "he just looked at me for an instant—no one knew of my visit—and then he gripped my hands, and do you know, Kit, he was . . . well, and there was a lump in my throat too; it would be about forty years, for one reason and another, since we met."

"What did he say? the very words, dad," and Kate held up her finger in command.

"'Jack, old man, is this really you?'—he held me at arm's length—'man, div ye mind the jackdaw's nest?'"

"Did he? And he's to be our padre. I know I'll love him at once. Go on, everything, for you've never told me anything about Drumtochty."

"We had a glorious time going over old times. We fished up every trout again, and we shot our first day on the moor again with Peter Stewart, Kilspindie's head keeper, as fine an old Highlander as ever lived. Stewart said in the evening, 'You're a pair of prave boys, as becometh your fathers' sons,' and Sandie gave him two and fourpence he had scraped for a tip, but I had only one and elevenpence—we were both kept bare. But he knew better than to refuse our offerings, though he never saw less than gold or notes from the men that shot at the lodge, and Sandie remembered how he touched his Highland bonnet and said, 'I will be much obliged to you both; and you will be coming to the moor another day, for I hef his lordship's orders.'

"Boys are queer animals, lassie; we were prouder that Peter accepted our poor little tip than about the muirfowl we shot, though I had three brace and Sandie four. Highlanders are all gentlemen by birth, and be sure of this, Kit, it's only that breed which can manage boys and soldiers. But where am I now?"

"With Sandie—I beg his reverence's pardon—with the Rev. the padre of Drumtochty," and Kate went over and sat down beside the General to anticipate any rebellion, for it was a joy to see the warrior turning into a boy before her eyes. "Well?"

"We had a royal dinner, as it seemed to me. Sandie has a couple of servants, man and wife, who rule him with a rod

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of iron, but I would forgive that for the cooking and the loyalty. After dinner he disappeared with a look of mystery, and came back with a cobwebbed bottle of the old shape, short and bunchy, which he carried as if it were a baby.

"'Just two bottles of my father's port left; we 'ill have one to-day to welcome you back, and we 'ill keep the other to celebrate your daughter's marriage.' He had one sister, younger by ten years, and her death nearly broke his heart. It struck me from something he said that his love is with her; at any rate, he has never married. Sandie has just one fault—he would not touch a cheroot; but he snuffs handsomely out of his father's box.

"Of course, I can't say anything about his preaching, but it's bound to be sensible stuff."

"Bother the sermons; he's an old dear himself, and I know we shall be great friends. We 'ill flirt together, and you will not have one word to say, so make up your mind to submit."

"We shall have good days in the old place, lassie; but you know we are poor, and must live quietly. What I have planned is a couple of handy women or so in the house with Donald. Janet is going to live at the gate where she was brought up, but she will look after you well, and we 'ill always have a bed and a glass of wine for a friend. Then you can have a run up to London and get your things, Kit," and the General looked wistfully at his daughter, as one who would have given her a kingdom.

"Do you think your girl cares so much about luxuries and dresses? Of course I like to look well—every woman does, and if she pretends otherwise she's a hypocrite; but money just serves to make some women hideous. It is enough for me to have you all to myself up in your old home, and to see you enjoying the rest you have earned. We 'ill be as happy as two lovers, dad," and Kate threw an arm round her father's neck and kissed him.

"We have to change here," as the train began to slow, "and prepare to see the most remarkable railway in the empire, and a guard to correspond." And then it came upon them, the first sight that made a Drumtochty man's heart warm, and assured him that he was nearing home.

An engine on a reduced scale, that had once served in the local goods department of a big station, and then, having grown old and asthmatic, was transferred on half-pay, as it were, to the Kildrummie branch, where it puffed between the junction and the terminus half a dozen times a day, with two carriages and an occasional coal truck. Times there were when wood was exported from Kildrummie, and then the train was taken in detachments, and it was a pleasant legend that, one market day, when Drumtochty was down in force, the engine stuck, and Drumsheugh invited the Glen to get out and push. The two carriages were quite distinguished in construction, and had seen better days. One consisted of a single first-class compartment in the centre, with a bulge of an imposing appearance, supported on either side by two seconds. As no native ever travelled second, one compartment had been employed as a reserve to the luggage van, so that Drumtochty might have a convenient place of deposit for calves, but the other was jealously reserved by Peter Bruce for strangers with second-class tickets, that his branch might not be put to confusion. The other carriage was three-fourths third class and one-fourth luggage, and did the real work; on its steps Peter stood and dispensed wisdom, between the junction and Kildrummie.

But neither the carriage nor the engine could have made history without the guard, beside whom the guards of the main line—even of the expresses that ran to London—were as nothing—fribbles and weaklings. For the guard of the Kildrummie branch was absolute ruler, lording over man and beast without appeal, and treating the Kildrummie stationmaster as a federated power. Peter was a short man of great breadth, like unto the cutting of an oak-tree, with a penetrating grey eye, an immovable countenance, and bushy whiskers. It was understood that when the line was opened, and the directors were about to fill up the post of guard from a number of candidates qualified by long experience on various lines, Peter, who had been simply wasting his time driving a carrier's cart, came in, and sitting down opposite the board—two lairds and a farmer—looked straight before him without making any application. It was felt by all in an instant

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that only one course was open, in the eternal fitness of things. Experience was well enough, but special creation was better, and Peter was immediately appointed, his name being asked by the chairman afterwards as a formality. From the beginning he took up a masterful position, receiving his cargo at the junction and discharging it at the station with a power that even Drumtochty did not resist, and a knowledge of individuals that was almost comprehensive. It is true that, boasting one Friday evening concerning the "crooded" state of the train, he admitted with reluctance that "there's a stranger in the second I canna mak oot," but it was understood that he solved the problem before the man got his luggage at Kildrummie.

Perhaps Peter's most famous achievement was his demolition of a south country bagman, who had made himself unpleasant, and the story was much tasted by our guard's admirers. This self-important and vivacious gentleman, seated in the first, was watching Peter's leisurely movements on the Kildrummie platform with much impatience, and lost all self-control on Peter going outside to examine the road for any distant passenger.

"Look here, guard, this train ought to have left five minutes ago, and I give you notice that if we miss our connection I'll hold your company responsible."

PETER WAS STANDING IN HIS FAVOURITE ATTITUDE.

At the sound of this foreign voice with its indecent clamour, Peter returned and took up his position opposite the speaker, while the staff and the whole body of passengers—four Kildrummie and three Drumtochty, quite sufficient for the situation—waited the issue. Not one word did Peter deign to reply, but he fixed the irate traveller with a gaze so searching, so awful, so irresistible, that the poor man fell back into his seat and pretended to look out at the opposite window. After a pause of thirty seconds, Peter turned to the engine-driver.

"They're a' here noo, an' there's nae use waitin' langer; ca' awa', but ye needna distress the engine."

It was noticed that the foolhardy traveller kept the full length of the junction between himself and Peter till the Dunleith train came in, while his very back was eloquent of humiliation, and Hillocks offered his snuff-box ostentatiously to Peter, which that worthy accepted as a public tribute of admiration.

"Look, Kate, there he is;" and there Peter was, standing in his favourite attitude, his legs wide apart and his thumbs in his armholes, superior, abstracted, motionless till the train stopped, when he came forward.

"Prood tae see ye, General, coming back at laist, an' the Miss wi' ye; it 'ill no be the blame o' the fouk up bye gin ye bena happy. Drumtochty hes an idea o' itsel', and peety the man

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'at tries tae drive them, but they're couthy.

"This wy, an' a'll see tae yir luggage," and before Peter made for the Dunleith van it is said that he took off his cap to Kate; but if so, this was the only time he had ever shown such gallantry.

Certainly he must have been flustered by something, for he did not notice that Carmichael, overcome by shyness at the sight of the Carnegies in the first, had hid himself in the second, till he closed the doors; then the Carnegies heard it all.

"It's I, Peter," very quietly; "your first has passengers to-day, and . . . I'll just sit here."

"Come oot o' that," after a moment, during which Peter had simply looked; then the hat and the tweeds came stumbling into the first, making some sort of a bow and muttering an apology.

"A'll tak' yir ticket, Maister Carmichael," with severity. "General," suddenly relaxing, "this is the Free Kirk minister of yir pairish, an a'm jidgin' he 'ill no try the second again."

Carmichael lifted his head and caught Kate's eye, and at the meeting of humour they laughed aloud. Whereupon the General said, "My daughter, Miss Carnegie," and they became so friendly before they reached Kildrummie that Carmichael forgot his disgraceful appearance, and when the General offered him a lift up, simply clutched at the opportunity.

The trap was a four-wheeled dog-cart. Kate drove, with her father by her side and Carmichael behind, but he found it necessary to turn round to give information of names and places, and he so managed that he could catch Kate's profile half the time.

When he got down at the foot of the hill by Hillocks' farm, to go up the near road, instead thereof he scrambled along the ridge, and looked through the trees as the carriage passed below, and did not escape.

"What's he glowerin' at doon there?" Hillocks enquired of Jamie Soutar, to whom he was giving some directions about a dyke, and Hillocks made a reconnoissance. "A'll warrant that's the General and his dochter. She's a weel-faured lassie an' speerity-lookin'."

"It cowes a'," said Jamie to himself; "the first day he ever saw her; but it's aye the way, aince an' ever, or . . . never."

"What's the Free Kirk, dad?" when Carmichael had gone. "Is it the same as the Methodists?"

"No, no, quite different. I'm not up in those things, but I've heard it was a lot of fellows who would not obey the laws, and so they left and made a kirk for themselves, where they do whatever they like. By the way, that was the young fellow we saw giving the dogs water at Muirtown. I rather like him; but why did he look such a fool, and try to escape us at the junction?"

"How should I know? I suppose because he is a . . . foolish boy. And now, dad, for the Lodge and Tochty woods."

Ian Maclaren.

(*To be continued.*)

HAPPINESS.

This can bring it to me—
  The farewell sky of even;
The mystery of a tree,
  Or a star alone in Heaven;
The thought from another heart,
  Though writ on a page it be,
That is of my thought a part—
  This can bring it to me.

Virginia Woodward Cloud.

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LIVING CRITICS.

III.—Leslie Stephen.

When, a hundred years hence, some one sets himself to write the history of English critical literature in the nineteenth century, he will probably regard Mr. Leslie Stephen as a transition figure, and see in his work a bridge spanning the gulf between two important and sharply differentiated schools. There were certain years during which Lord Macaulay and Mr. Walter Pater were contemporaries; but to pass from the purely literary essays of the former to those of the latter is like passing from one age into another. It seems as if something of the nature of a revolution were necessary to account for the amazing change in matter and manner, in tone and atmosphere; and yet the student of the entire literature of the time sees no violent cataclysm of portentous cleavage: he sees nothing but a series of natural and orderly stages of development. One of these stages is represented in a most delightful and interesting fashion by the writer whose name stands at the head of this article. There is no doubt that, in the main, Mr. Leslie Stephen's critical work has more in common with the Edinburgh than with the Oxford school. It is, to use words which are in some danger of becoming terms of literary slang, "judicial" rather than "æsthetic;" its conclusions are based rather on general principles than on particular sensibilities or preferences; it strives after impersonal estimates rather than personal appreciations. Nevertheless there is, in addition to all this, a constant admission, explicit or implicit, of the fact that even the critic cannot jump off his own shadow, and that, though he must appeal to the common reason, his appeal must in the nature of things be made on behalf of some individual approval or disapproval which it is his business to justify. Macaulay made it a charge against Southey that what he considered his opinions were in fact merely his tastes. If I understand Mr. Leslie Stephen—and misunderstanding of so lucid a writer is all but impossible—he would say that, in matters of criticism at any rate, Southey was right; that a man's tastes *must* become his opinions, but that because opinion is a power, a factor in the world's progress, he must spare no pains to assure himself that the taste is not a mere personal whim, but that it has behind it a persuasive justification.

Thus, in the opening paragraph of his essay on Charlotte Brontë, Mr. Stephen remarks that "our faith in an author must, in the first instance, be the product of instinctive sympathy instead of deliberate reason. It may be propagated by the contagion of enthusiasm, and preached with all the fervour of proselytism. But when we are seeking to justify our emotions, we must endeavour to get for the time into the position of an independent spectator, applying with rigid impartiality such methods as are best calculated to free us from the impulse of personal bias." That such a critical method has a number of admirable qualities is a fact too obvious for indication, but the qualities have their inevitable defects, and there is something in Mr. Leslie Stephen's temperament which brings them into prominence. He is so much afraid of the "contagion of enthusiasm" and the "fervour of proselytism" presenting themselves in the wrong place that it often seems as if he deliberately excluded them from their right place. Emotional fervour should not be substituted for exact statement or logical argument; but the one is necessarily more telling, the other more persuasive, when it has emotion behind it. Enthusiasm should never outrun *reason*, but it may and must outrun *reasoning*, for no mere argument can justify the passionate admiration of any masterpiece—say the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, or Keats's lines "To a Grecian Urn"—to any person by whom that admiration is unshared. Mr. Leslie Stephen's intellect is a trifle over-dominant; he forgets too absolutely what some younger critics remember too exclusively, that whatever intellectual bravery criticism may arrogate to itself, it is, in the last analysis, an affair of taste, of sensibility,

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and that (though the saying may be pushed to unwise applications) *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

Mr. Stephen's suspicion of violent feeling as liable to be overcharged, of strong language as liable to be exaggerated, is in itself so natural and healthy that one could wish it made itself more manifest in contemporary critical literature; but his maintenance of the guarded attitude is a little too persistent. He says very truly, of a somewhat hysterical phrase of Kingsley's, that it "requires a little dilution;" but he has such a horror of intellectual intoxication that he keeps the diluting water-bottle always within reach, and does not fail to use it. Many people, I daresay, feel that Mr. Stephen's work would be not merely more telling, but more helpful, if every now and then he would let himself go. Partly in virtue of this very moderation — this instinct for sobriety and balance of judgment—Mr. Stephen is a more trustworthy critic than Macaulay; but he does not assist readers in the same way that Macaulay was wont to assist them.

"Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators than Boswell is the first of biographers." "Though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced the *Paradise Lost,* the other the *Pilgrim's Progress.*"

No reader of these sentences can feel any uncertainty about Macaulay's view of the place in literature occupied by Boswell's biography and Bunyan's allegory; but it is by no means so easy to be sure of Mr. Stephen's view of such other notable book as *Robinson Crusoe*, *Clarissa*, or the *Religio Medici.* Every one remembers Lamb's delightful story of the worthy citizen who asked Wordsworth if he did not think that Milton was a great man. If we ask Mr. Leslie Stephen whether Sir Thomas Browne, Sterne, and Coleridge were great men, he at once devotes to them a number of shrewd, instructive, and illuminating remarks, and having thus provided us with materials for a reply, leaves us to formulate it for ourselves.

Now that is, of course, a method tantalising to the youthful student, who wishes to be told without any ambiguity what he is to think of this or that noble writer. Criticism, however, is not written exclusively for youths in search of a literary creed, any more than fiction is produced solely for the consumption of the famous or notorious young person; and I think there are few mature lovers of letters who do not return again and again to the work of Mr. Leslie Stephen with a sense of refreshment and stimulation such as they derive from the utterances of hardly any contemporary critic. He is, to use a good old-fashioned word, honoured by Lamb's employment of it, so satisfyingly matterful. He will not write a single sentence unless he has not merely something to say but something which he is *impelled* to say; witness his declaration with regard to the poetry of Shelley—"I feel no vocation to add to the mass of imperfectly appreciative disquisition." A man of letters who has the courage to confess that he has nothing of value to add to Shelley criticism may be trusted not to lapse into chatter; we may be quite sure that whatever be the theme, his treatment of it is a response to some unmistakably audible call.

As a rule the men in whose writings this note of impulsion is most manifest are lacking in the matter of catholicity. In one set of ideas, one class of minds, they are genuinely and deeply interested, and their interest in a favourite theme gives to their utterance warmth, vigour, and arrestingness; but on other themes they write flatly or not at all. There is nothing of this flatness in the writing of Mr. Leslie Stephen. He has no raptures; he could not, and perhaps would not if he could, write of any one as Mr. Swinburne writes of Victor Hugo and Charlotte Brontë; but there is something almost as marvellous as it is delightful in the range of his discriminating appreciation. I do not slur the epithet, for the masterpiece in the presence of which Mr. Stephen would not discriminate has yet to be created; but the appreciation, with all its refinements, is really genuine; and admirers of such diverse writers as Defoe, Massinger, Crabbe, Hawthorne, and Lord Beaconsfield will probably agree that he has said things of these favourites which they would have been much pleased to say themselves.

There is a certain grip in Mr. Stephen's work, due to the fact that he is

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as much interested in life as in literature; or perhaps it would be truer to say he is interested in literature mainly because it is an outcome of life. There are critics who seem to consider it a fine thing to write about a book as if it had no personality behind it, but were a sort of literary Melchizedek that had sprung into being without any preliminary process of generation. This is what is called "disinterested" criticism; it is really criticism that is truncated, impoverished, devitalised. Mr. Leslie Stephen is content to be a man first, and a literary connoisseur afterwards; and whether it be a merit or a defect of his critical estimates, it is their unfailing character to regard literature as preeminently an *expression*. This is a point upon which I should speak without hesitation even had I no guide but more or less vague inferential evidence; but while writing the foregoing sentences accident has led me to an explicit statement which renders doubt impossible. At the opening of his essay on "Dr. Johnson's Writings," Mr. Stephen sets himself to combat the opinion entertained by Macaulay that the qualities of a man's written work provide no trustworthy indication of the quality of the man himself. Mr. Stephen admits that there may be obvious differences which impress the imagination,—that the man who "writes like an angel" may at times be heard to "talk like poor Poll;" but after contending that even then we may "detect the essential identity under superficial differences" he utters the emphatic manifesto: "The whole art of criticism consists in learning to know the human being who is partially revealed to us in his spoken or written words." There is no difficulty in placing the author of such a definition.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's style is the style which his substance makes inevitable. The manner of the seer or the rhetorician would indeed be an ill-fitting vesture for the thought of a shrewd, humorous observer who knows how to admire wisely, how to condemn sanely, but who, neither in eulogy nor condemnation, will allow himself the perilous luxury of excitement. Wordsworth once in his life took too much to drink, and Mr. Leslie Stephen evidently thinks that it was a good thing for him. Perhaps if this distinguished critic would allow himself a single bout of literary intoxication—if he would only indulge in just one blatant extravagance—we might feel him nearer and dearer than before. In a mad world there is a certain high degree of sanity which is a trifle irritating. On the other hand, there are certain kinds of insanity which are more irritating still. It may be a sign that I am rather a poor creature, but I am more than content to take Mr. Leslie Stephen as I find him. I once wrote an essay in which I expressed my appreciation of what I called "the poetry of common sense," and a lady who is herself a most charming poet, professed to regard it as an elaborate *jeu d'esprit*, on the ground that poetry and common sense are antipodal. Of course she spoke with authority, and she may have been right; I cannot tell. But if common sense be expelled from poetry, I hope the poor outcast may find a home with criticism, and so long as Mr. Leslie Stephen lives and writes, this shelter at least is assured to her. The common sense—or what is called such—of the vulgar is not a thing of price, and I give it up to the tormentors; but the native shrewdness which is reinforced by wide knowledge and keen humour is a treasure indeed, and there is no page of Mr. Leslie Stephen's from which it is absent.

James Ashcroft Noble.

LEOPOLD SACHER-MASOCH.

Leopold von Sacher-Masoch is a name well known to both German and French literature, although it is that of neither a Frenchman nor a German. Both literatures may to a certain extent claim him. Most of his work has been written in German, but some of his novels appeared originally in French, and not a few of his shorter stories first saw the light in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. He was born at Lemberg, in Galicia, in 1836. His grandfather had been the Austrian Governor of Galicia after the dismemberment of Poland. His father, who, at his marriage, took his wife's name of Masoch in addition to his own,

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was the head of the Galician police. His native language, as well as his early education, was wholly Slavonic. He only learned German when a lad in Prague, and though he subsequently used it with facility as his principal means of reaching a literary public, it has always been more or less a veneer. He was thoroughly and characteristically a Slav in his whole habits of thought, and whatever the environment of his stories or the medium in which they were written, it is in Slavonic literature that they inherently and primarily belong. At the outset Sacher-Masoch studied jurisprudence at Prague and Graz, at which latter university he subsequently, when only twenty-one, settled as docent in history. His literary work at the beginning was historical; but the favor accorded his first novel, *A Galician Story* (1858), determined the direction which he ultimately followed. Ten years later he gave up the idea of an academic career, and devoted the rest of his life to literature. In 1880 he edited the weekly *Belletristische Blätter*, in Budapest, and from 1882–85 the review *Auf der Höhe*, in Leipzig. He subsequently lived in Paris, and after 1890 in Lindheim, where he died the 9th of last March.

Although he wrote verse and several dramas that were successfully produced in Austria and Germany, Sacher-Masoch's best work was done as a novelist, but even more especially as a writer of short stories. No recent writer, however, has produced work so unequal in quality. Much of it is not only relatively good, but it is full of purpose, fresh, vigorous and virile. Some of it, on the other hand, is but the ill turned-out product of a literary slop-shop, unworthy of any serious attention at all, and this apparently not because there were material reasons for desiring to turn poor literature into good money, for Sacher-Masoch seems to have had enough of the goods of the world to keep the pot boiling without it.

His material Sacher-Masoch has chosen from various places. He has written dubious historical novels of the Court of Maria Theresa, and several of his works are collections of short stories of low phases of high life in Vienna, French in intention, but in the German, in which they are written, plump and utterly devoid of the *espièglerie* that in the case of this sort of writing is the only excuse for its being. Fortunately for him, the author had a better source of supply nearer at home in the Little-Russian life that was his own by birth and education. It is here that he has done by all odds his best and most distinctive work. He has, in fact, opened up a new world to us, and one thus far almost wholly his own; a world, to be sure, seen in some of its aspects in Turgénieff and Tolstoy, but yet here under different lights and with different colours. It is the same "melancholy Slavonic world," the gloomy landscape of steppe and forest, but it is here a people whose blood surges with Oriental heat; a world of men and women as untamed in their passions as wild animals, and as eager to gratify them; who neither spare nor are spared, nor expect to be spared. If, as Sacher-Masoch says, these are the Slavs "to whom the near future as unquestionably belongs as does to the Germanic race the present," then may Heaven have mercy upon the future, for here is a folk that knows not forbearance in its faintest promptings. As to the inherent truth of his pictures, they do not leave one in doubt. There is in his evolution of plot often an unmistakable romanticism, but it is carried out in detail with a realism not seldom offensive. In his mental attitude toward his material the same pessimism so characteristic of Turgénieff is even more apparent in Sacher-Masoch. It is the Slavonic birthright of the one as well as the other, and not a matter of individual temperament. Both of these men are faithful disciples of Schopenhauer, our author assertively so; but they are that primarily not because of the philosopher, but because of themselves. His German critics, with sweetness and light, have called him a pessimist, a cynic, a Panslavist, and a nihilist, and I have no doubt but that confirmation may be found in his books for all these several indictments.

What has generally been regarded as Sacher-Masoch's best work is in the cycle of stories called by the common name of *The Legacy of Cain*, the first part of which was written in 1870. This first part was received in Germany with a storm of critical abuse, which the subsequent parts, however, mollified, and the whole, as far as it was ever completed, even received at the end from many

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quarters an extravagant praise. The author himself had no mean opinion of it. In a little work on the *Value of Criticism* (1873), which shows pretty conclusively, among other things, the valuelessness of his own, he modestly says that the first story of the cycle, *Don Juan of Kolomea*, "caused a sensation such as no literary work has caused in Germany since *Werther*. . . . The overwhelming originality of the entire composition and the manner of its presentation took the whole reading public at once by storm." And this of his own work, too!

The Legacy of Cain (*Das Vermächtniss Kains*), according to the author's own characterisation of its purpose, is intended to illustrate the universal struggle for existence in the whole field of human activity. Its entire conception is robust and original. The beginning is in the form of an epilogue. A sportsman, who has brought down an eagle with a shot of his rifle, is suddenly greeted with the cry of "Cain, Cain," and a "Wanderer," the member of a Russian sect whose members flee the world to lead an ascetic life in the forest, confronts him with the dead bird. "What have you gained by this?" he asks sternly. "You, too, are of the race of Cain." "Break loose," he warns him, "from the legacy of Cain; learn to know truth; learn to renounce; learn to despise life and love death." "These six, Love, Property, the State, War, Work, and Death are the legacy of Cain, who slew his brother; and his brother's blood cried unto Heaven, and the Lord spoke to Cain: Thou shalt be cursed upon the earth, a fugitive and a vagabond." The words of the "Wanderer" in the prologue thus present the great problems of humanity which it is the purpose of the whole cycle of this "novelistic theodicy," as it has been characterised both by the author and by his critics, to solve. Each problem, furthermore, was, according to the plan, to consist of a series of six stories. The first five of these were intended to illustrate the rule, to exhibit, in other words, the reality as it is in life. The last, on the contrary, was to contain the exception, and to present the ideal to be striven for. The completed whole was thus to furnish an harmonious solution of the manifold dissonances of human life, whatever their kind. It is a matter for regret, for *The Legacy of Cain*, with all its idiosyncrasies, has always the unquestioned element of strength, that it remained but a torso. *Love* and *Property* were the only parts ever completed, although opportunity was found in superabundance for work that is not worth reading, and assuredly was not worth writing.

Sacher-Masoch's whole problem, as he presents it in *The Legacy of Cain*, is a union of Schopenhauer and Darwin, as he himself, in the tract on criticism, already mentioned, carefully points out. Its fundamental ideas are as follows: This world in which we live is not the best possible, but rather the worst possible. Nature and man alike are inherently bad. In the air, in the water, and on the earth all animate and inanimate nature is continuing uninterruptedly the struggle for existence. Man, in particular, wages an unceasing warfare with his surroundings. Every member of this unhappy race, too, seeks to live at the expense of the other, ceaselessly striving, like Cain, to murder his brother, to rob him, to make him his slave. Man, however, does not remain in his original bestial condition. By the development of his soul and his intellect he lifts himself gradually above it, conquers it, and in the struggles of centuries makes himself more and more its master. Neither does he rest here. Not only does he make nature serviceable to him, but under his influence nature itself changes and becomes less and less his enemy. In the first part, *Love*, the author seeks to solve the problem of the sexes. The first five stories—*The Don Juan of Kolomea*, *The Capitulant*, *A Moonlight Night*, *Plato*, *Venus in Furs*—represent the various phases, healthy and morbid, of what is, from his point of view, the natural hostile opposition of the sexes, the struggle of man and woman for existence. He has filled out the details of the picture with a terrible reality, more terrible because it bears the evident stamp of truth. Love may be joined, upon the one hand, with true affection, with poetic fancy, with spiritual sympathy, or it may be accompanied, on the other, with malevolent lust. The heartless "Venus" of the last story in this way knouts the man who madly loves her as he cringes like a dog at her feet, and he feels a physical enjoyment in the smart of her blows! It is, in fact, because of the physico-psycho-

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logical motive of this curious book that specialists in neurology have given the name "masochism" to one of the recognised forms of sexual perversity. The last story of the cycle, *Marzella; or, the Fairy Tale of Love*, the ideal as an offset to the real, is, from the nature of the case, the weakest, in its execution, of all. Woman, the daughter of Cain, is by man raised spiritually to his own level. She hurls from her the ointment with which she has anointed his feet and the knout with which she has scourged his back. Man has here lifted himself above nature, and with him woman. He still serves nature, but nature also serves him. He perpetuates the race and continues the great work of civilisation in that he not merely brings up his children, but gives them the impress of his own spirit. Like a new Prometheus, says the author, he sits at the sacred hearthstone of his family and forms men.

The second part of Sacher-Masoch's theodicy continues on the same lines an investigation of the problem of *Property*. The story of the eternal warfare between the rich and the poor is told, as before, in five tales—*The Folk Tribunal*, *The Hajdamak*, *Hasara Raba*, *A Will*, *Basil Hymen*. An ideal solution is contained in the sixth, *The Paradise on the Dniester*, where a better Tolstoy deserts his home to live among the people and found an ideal state whose basis is labour. It is here that the author's Panslavistic tendencies come most distinctly into the foreground. It is the Slav who is to bring about this regeneration of the human race. Here his prose epic ends, unfortunately, for however we may agree with the fundamental statement of his problem, or his manner of solving it, his evident seriousness of purpose must, at the outset, command respect. There is no question of its value as a series of pictures of the lights and shadows of the life of a little-known corner of the world, and there can scarcely be but a single opinion as to the graphic power of the painter who has made them. If the fancy is at times too glowing, the depicted passions too unrestrained in their appeal to a Western imagination, it is the environment at fault that has produced them.

Sacher-Masoch has done in some ways even better work in *Der neue Hiob* (*The Modern Job*, 1874), in which his field is, as before, his own Little-Russia. This story, particularly, shows undeveloped possibilities. The author's earlier impetuosity has been brought under a restraint that cannot but be felt to be more salutary, and his point of view of life and society has been bettered by a maturer experience. If his touch is truer, it is not, however, the less brilliant. *The Modern Job* seems to prove that Sacher-Masoch's best book was never written.

W. H. C.

THE BLEST OF ALL THE BLESSED.

Blest is that man who never yet has read
A line of thee, O Stevenson; whose head

Has still to grasp thy beauties, Thackeray.
Who hath not learned as yet, ye gods, to stray

Through all the mazy, mad and rich delights
Of Haroun Al Raschid's one thousand nights;

Whose life has yet to know the wondrous bliss
That Byron throws into his every kiss;

To whom the wisdom of Omar Kháyyám
Is still tight sealed; to whom the kindly Lamb

Is as unknown as are the many mute
And unambitious Miltons, *sans* a lute.

Aye blest is he! What prayers of thanks should rise
From out his lips, before whom so much lies!

John Kendrick Bangs.

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THE BROTHERHOOD OF ALL CREATURES.

Four remarkable books on nature* have appeared during the month. One is old, one is new, and two—coming between—are neither old nor new; yet all are in a sense equally modern. They may even be considered books of the future, as being prophetic of certain relations of man to animal life, which are imperfectly realised now, but towards which the race is surely approaching.

For more than a century grateful readers have borne testimony to the enduring quality of Gilbert White's *Selborne;* and the work has long been safely placed, where it will long safely remain, on the shelf of the little classics of the world's literature. The *Uncle Remus* of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris has attained within the short period of its appearance a still wider acceptance as a work which throws a new light of the imagination upon the lower creatures, and lifts them into closer relationship to mankind. Whether or not it will ever attain the distinction of becoming a classic, remains, to be seen, but the chances are that it will; its influence has already passed into the history of literature, and so far at least there can be no question of its lasting. *The Jungle Book* of Mr. Rudyard Kipling has won a well-nigh universal audience within even less time, and bids fair, with *The Second Jungle Book*, which has just been published, to take its place also on this high, narrow shelf of ever-living works. Unlike as they are, these books have this in common: that while White discarded the imagination which the two other writers use, the three men have severally enlarged our human horizon of knowledge and sympathy as respects nature and its teeming life. Each is a work that no other man could have written; each contains qualities that most men love; each has an artistic form that must always remain a delight to encounter. But whether these or any other nameable characteristics contain the secret of the life of these books—or of any book—who can say?

Mr. Burroughs, best fitted of all men in this country to write an introduction to this superb edition of *Selborne*, confronts the problem thus: "So many learned and elaborate treatises have sunk beneath the waves upon which this cockleshell of a book rides so safely and so buoyantly! What is the secret of its longevity? One can do little more than name its qualities without tracing them to their sources. It is simple and wholesome, like bread, or meat, or milk. . . . White was led astray by no literary ambition. His interest in the life of nature was only a scientific one; he must know the truth first, and then give it to the humanities. How true it is in science, in literature, in life, that any secondary motives vitiate the result! Seek ye the kingdom of truth first, and all things shall be added." But this graceful tribute from the pupil to the master is not a satisfying explanation to the non-scientific. Many who admire White's work know nothing of and care little for the theme of which it treats; and

* White's Selborne. Introduction by John Burroughs. Illustrations by Clifton Johnson. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $4.00.

Mr. Rabbit at Home. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrations by Oliver Herford. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings. By Joel Chandler Harris. Illustrations by A. B. Frost. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.00.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. Decorated by John Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E. New York: The Century Co. $1.50.

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FRONTISPIECE TO "MR. RABBIT AT HOME."

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for these its perennial charm must remain something more subtle than any branch of science. No matter what the truth may be, White will always stand out as one of those rare spirits forming the distinguished group to which Mr. Burroughs himself belongs ; whose work is done on the borders of the human and the sub-human worlds, and helps to bind them together. Perhaps this simple thing may be the great secret, after all. It is the brotherhood of all creatures that White teaches, which brings his work so close to our hearts and makes it as sweet and true and living to us as to those who read it first. For it is a fact well worthy of note that all studies of nature have some such effect as this, whether they be simply reported through the reason, like White's, or vividly transformed by the imagination, as are Mr. Harris's and Mr. Kipling's. Theirs is a wisdom that does not scold. Theirs is a profound science of life that neither accuses, nor condemns, nor absolves. Sanely and gently they make judicial showing of eternal truths. The art of the fabulist in particular uplifts, and is truly the touch that makes two worlds akin. Ennobling man by fostering his finest feelings, it invests the beasts of the field with the interest and almost the dignity of humanity. Standing always for the right against the wrong, for the weak against the strong, it peoples the air and the earth and the sea with the noblest ideals of which the human mind can have any conception. The very attitude of the fabulist and of all writers on nature inclines towards nobility and love and mercy, and its influence must, accordingly, be for universal good. How completely Thoreau's cynicism disappears as he approaches nature and the dumb brother ! His words are then all sweetness ; his thoughts are then all peace. Compare the fables of La Fontaine with his writings touching the society in which he lived ! The misanthropy that darkens, the evil that stains his other work, mars none of his fables. Contact with nature seemed to loosen the wings of the author's beautiful spirit—the soul of the real man, not the creature of depraving environment ; and the writings that he did when thus inspired live as works of pure gold set forever in solid rock crystal, while his reviling of the world has long since faded away.

No wonder, then, that the wisest and best of men in all ages have valued animal folk-lore and turned to it for help and instruction as well as amusement. No wonder that it has been lectured upon in the greatest universities and laughed over in the humblest cottages. No wonder that Socrates solaced his last days in prison by turning Æsop's fables into verse. No wonder that a fable went home to the heart of the poet-king of Israel and touched his conscience as no argument could have done. No wonder that the first great epic of

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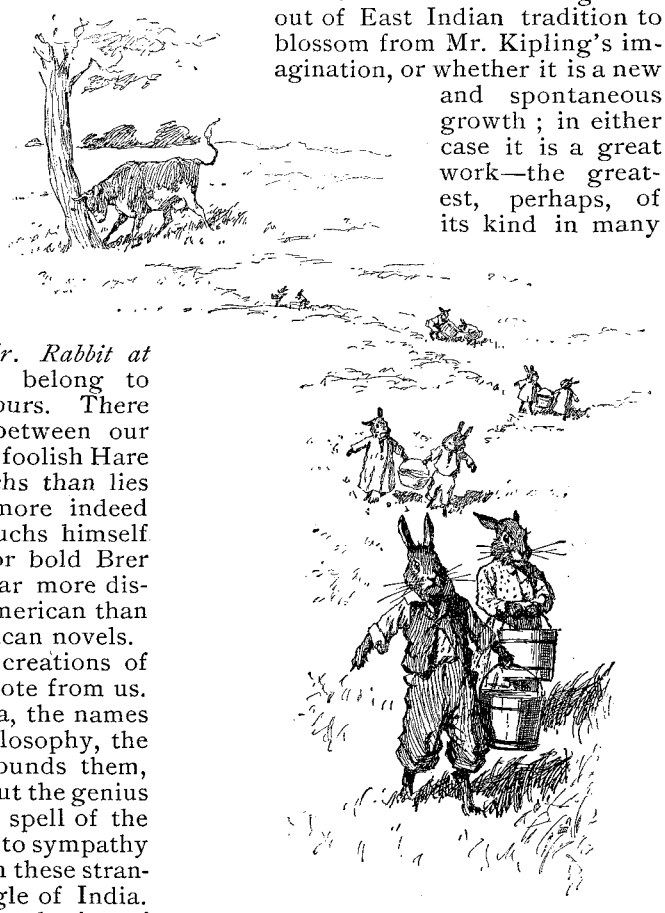
Germany was Reineke Fuchs; or that from Germany the fable may be traced back to Flanders; and thence further and further, till it is lost in the Orient.

This message of divine tenderness, transmitted first by a Greek slave, has been repeated at intervals by some of the greatest minds in literature. To America it first came direct through the writings of Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, whose Uncle Remus stands as the only character in recent national fiction which has achieved universality. Uncle Remus follows and has supplanted Uncle Tom. His name is known where the name of the author is not. It has become a household word in other countries than ours; but Uncle Remus himself is distinctively American, justifying in every characteristic his national acceptance. He is the unique African product of the Anglo-Saxon new world. His fun is the peculiar outcome of African humour grafted upon American wit. And the creatures grouped about him are no less distinctively American than himself. They are without exception the inhabitants of our own firesides, and fields, and woods, and waters, endowed with the familiar failings and virtues, and hopes and fears of the human beings who consider them brutes. *Mr. Rabbit at Home* could not possibly belong to any other country than ours. There is no more resemblance between our shrewd Brer Rabbit and the foolish Hare victimised by Reineke Fuchs than lies in their furry coats; no more indeed than between Reineke Fuchs himself and our own Brer Fox. For bold Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox are far more distinctively and admirably American than most of the heroes of American novels.

On the other hand, the creations of Mr. Kipling's fancy are remote from us. The land, the scene, the flora, the names of the characters, their philosophy, the very atmosphere that surrounds them, are all far off and strange. But the genius of the author invoking the spell of the fabulist brings us at once into sympathy and a feeling of kinship with these strangers belonging to the jungle of India. We respond to the tender charity of Mother Wolf—as old as Rome; to the wisdom of Kaa—as old as knowledge; to the lofty magnanimity of Akela; to the blundering love of old Baloo; to the splendid courage of Bagherra; and to the loyalty of Grey Brother. We wince while we laugh at the stinging satire on humanity's vanities and vices that come to us from the Bandar-log, the Monkey People, who live in the trees above the heads of the nobler beasts and look down on them.

As one reads the brilliant work and thrills to its true deep note, the wonder arises whether or not Mr. Kipling may have received inspiration from ancient folk-lore tales rooted in the local environment. Mr. Harris has frankly told us that such is true in the case of his own work; and certain indications would seem to point to a similar origin of the jungle stories. It would be interesting to know. But no matter whether the seed of the beautiful thing came out of East Indian tradition to blossom from Mr. Kipling's imagination, or whether it is a new and spontaneous growth; in either case it is a great work—the greatest, perhaps, of its kind in many



FROM "UNCLE REMUS."

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years, past or to come. And these four books, taken together, form a notable contribution to that literature of humanity which moves abreast of science, of higher intellectual development, and larger benevolence. Coming to us on the eve of Christmas, they seem to acquire a deeper significance, turning our thoughts on the shuttle of Time's loom, backward to the humble, dumb friends gathered about the Manger, and forward to the happy consummation of the ancient prophecy when "a little child shall lead them."

N. H. B.

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NIGHT TAPESTRY.

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home."

An airy nothing blown upon the wind
Did tangle in the meshes of my dream,
That woven was of air: a themeless theme;
A weird, pathetic pattern of the Blind;
Here plain the scroll—there lacing moonbeams twined;
The which with phantasies in endless stream
Wove I in darkness, and the night did seem
Dread with the spectral moments of the mind.

And lo! my threads took purpose! Dim, unreal,
An instant dwelt about the woof a light,
And in the light a Shape known unto me,
Through ages upon ages . . .
A sudden gust out of the windy night,
And meaningless again my tapestry!

Robert H. M. Dawbarn.

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BOOKS AND CULTURE.

By the Author of "My Study Fire," "Short Studies in Literature," etc.

XI.—"THE LOGIC OF FREE LIFE."

The ideas which form the substance or substratum of the greatest books are not primarily the products of pure thought; they have a far deeper origin, and their immense power of enlightenment and enrichment lies in the depth of their rootage in the unconscious life of the race. If it be true that the fundamental process of the physical universe and of the life of man, so far as we can understand them, is not intellectual, but vital, then it is also true that the formative ideas by which we live, and in the clear comprehension of which the greatness of intellectual and spiritual life for us lies, have been borne in upon the race by living rather than by thinking. They are felt and experienced first and formulated later. It is clear that a definite purpose is being wrought out through physical processes in the world of matter; it is equally clear to most men that moral and spiritual purposes are being worked out through the processes which constitute the conditions of our being and acting in this world. It has been the engrossing and fruitful study of science to discover the processes and comprehend the ends of the physical order; it is the highest office of art to discover and illustrate, for the most part unconsciously, the processes and results of the spiritual order by setting forth in concrete form the underlying and formative ideas of races and periods.

"The thought that makes the work of art," says Mr. John La Farge in a discussion of the art of painting of singular insight and intelligence, "the thought which in its highest expression we call genius is not reflection or reflective thought. The thought which analyses has the same deficiencies as our eyes. It can fix only one point at a time. It is necessary for it to examine each element of consideration, and unite it to others, to make a whole. But the *logic of free life, which is the logic of art*, is like that logic of one using the eye, in which we make most wonderful combinations of momentary adaptation, by co-ordinating innumerable memories, by rejecting those that are useless or antagonistic; and all without being aware of it, so that those especially who most use the eye, as, for instance, the painter or the hunter, are unaware of more than one single, instantaneous action." This is a very happy formulation of a fundamental principle in art; indeed, it brings before us the essential quality of art, its illustration of thought in the order not of a formal logic, but of the logic of free life. It is at this point that it is differentiated from philosophy; it is from this point that its immense spiritual significance becomes clear. In the great books fundamental ideas are set forth not in a systematic way, nor as the results of methodical teaching, but as they rise over the vast territory of actual living and are clarified by the long-continued and many-sided experience of the race. Every book of the first order in literature of the creative kind is a final generalisation from a vast experience. It is, to use Mr. La Farge's phrase, the co-ordination of innumerable memories; memories shared by an innumerable company of persons, and becoming, at length and after long clarification, a kind of race memory, and this memory is so inclusive and tenacious that it holds intact the long and varied play of soil, sky, scenery, climate, faith, myth, suffering, action, historic process through which the race has passed and by which it has been largely formed.

The ideas which underlie the great books bring with them, therefore, when we really receive them in our minds, the entire background of the life out of which they took their rise. We are not only permitted to refresh ourselves at the inexhaustible spring, but as we drink the entire sweep of landscape, to the remotest mountains in whose heart its sources are hidden, encompasses us like a vast living world. It is, in other words, the totality of things which great art gives us, not things in isolation and detachment. Mr. La Farge will pardon further quotation; he admirably states this great truth when he says that "in

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a work of art, executed through the body, and appealing to the mind through the senses, the entire make-up of its creator addresses the entire constitution of the man for whom it is meant." One may go further and say of the greatest books that the whole race speaks through them to the whole man who puts himself in a receptive mood towards them. This totality of influences, conditions, and history which goes to the making of books of this order receives dramatic unity, artistic sequence, and integral order and coherence from the personality of the writer. He gathers into himself the spiritual results of the experience of his people or his age, and through his genius for expression the vast general background of his personal life, which, as in the case of Homer, for instance, has entirely faded from view, rises once more in clear vision before us. "In any museum," says Mr. La Farge, "we can see certain great differences in things; which are so evident, so much on the surface, as almost to be our first impressions. They are the marks of the places where the works of art were born. Climate; intensity of heat and light; the nature of the earth; whether there was much or little water in proportion to land; plants, animals, surrounding beings, have helped to make these differences, as well as manners, laws, religions, and national ideals. If you recall the more general physical impression of a gallery of Flemish paintings and of a gallery of Italian masters, you will have carried off in yourself two distinct impressions received during their lives by the men of these two races. The fact that they used their eyes more or less is only a small factor in this enormous aggregation of influences received by them and transmitted to us."

From this point of view the inexhaustible significance of a great work of art becomes clear, both as regards its definite revelation of racial and individual truth, and as regards its educational or cultured quality and value. Ideas are presented not in isolation and detachment, but in their totality of origin and relationship; they are not abstractions, general propositions, philosophical generalisations; they are living truths—truths, that is, which have become clear by long experience, and to which men stand, or have stood, in personal relations. They are ideas, in other words, which stand together, not in the order of formal logic, but of the "logic of free life." They are not torn out of their normal relations; they bring all their relationships with them. We are offered a plant in the soil, not a flower cut from its stem. Every man is rooted to the soil, touches through his senses the physical, and through his mind and heart the spiritual order of his time; all these influences are focused in him, and, according to his capacity, he gathers them into his experience, formulates and expresses them. The greater and more productive the man, the wider his contact with and absorption of the life of his time. For the artist stands nearest, not farthest from his contemporaries. He is not, however, a mere medium in their hands, not a mere secretary or recorder of their ideas and feelings. He is separated from them in the clearness of his vision of the significance of their activities, the ends towards which they are moving, the ideas which they are working out; but, in the exact degree of his greatness, he is one with them in sympathy, experience, and comprehension. They live for him, and he lives with them; they work out ideas in the logic of free life, he clarifies, interprets, and illustrates those ideas. The world is not saved *by* the remnant, as Matthew Arnold held; it is saved *through* the remnant. The elect of the race, its prophets, teachers, artists—and every great artist is also a prophet and teacher—are its leaders, not its masters; its interpreters, not its creators. The race is dumb without its artists; but the artists would be impossible without the sustaining fellowship of the race. In the making of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* the Greek race was in full partnership with Homer. The ideas which form the summits of human achievement are sustained by immense masses of earth; the higher they rise the vaster their bases. The richer and wider the race life, the freer and deeper the play of that vital logic which produces the formative ideas.

Hamilton W. Mabie.

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WHEN THE BIRDS FLY HOME.

Of all the beauteous days to me
  Of all the circling year,
The days of youth and hope and love,
  The days of dread and fear ;
The days that reel the warm sun in,
  The days that wheel him out,
Of showery May, of leafy June,
  Of Winter's frosty rout ;
The days so plentiful of fate
  Of life and death to come,
Are the lonely days of Autumn
  When the birds fly home.

Then a fire is in the sumach
  And a mist is on the hills,
And a gentle, pensive glamour
  The whole world fills.
Then the morns are grey and rainy
  With a windy, driven rack,
The fields are full of shining pools,
  The mullein stalks are black;
Or the nights are clear and frosty
  To the world's blue dome,
In the lonely days of Autumn
  When the birds fly home.

Though all the buds and flowers are dead,
  The golden-rod is out,
Flaming with the aster-bloom
  On all the hills about.
You may meet them on the roadsides,
  You may pick them in the lane,
While barnward from the stubble-fields
  The heavy-laden wain
Goes with far shouts of labour,
  With the arms and faces brown,
While the cattle come home lowing
  And the sun dips down.

Through all the hollow, smoky day
  There goes a lonely call ;
'Tis the jay across the stubble-fields
  Presaging of the Fall ;
Or the crow, that sombre solitary,
  Among his darkling pines ;
Or the chickadee beside the brook
  That on its amber shines ;
Or the plough-boy to his drowsy team
  Amid the furrowed loam,—
O the lonely days of Autumn
  When the birds fly home !

O the world is full of waters
  And a sense of far-off sound.
And a thousand mists and colours rise
  From woods and hills around.

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'Tis the splendour of the Autumn,
'Tis the glory of the Fall,
When the King of Death walks silently
Adown his bannered hall;
And the beds of sleep are making
For the hearts that fain would roam,
In the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home.

And here I hold communion
With the King of rest and sleep,
Where he hath decked his honoured ones
By wood and hill and deep;
And the mighty hills are keeping guard
In all their gloried glow,
While he and I are walking
With the dead of long ago;
With the sad and wistful memories,
Those olden ghosts that come
In the lonely days of Autumn
When the birds fly home.

William Wilfred Campbell.

THE JUDGMENT OF THE SAGE

A beggar crept wailing through the streets of a city. A certain man came to him there and gave him bread, saying: "I give you this loaf, because of God's word." Another came to the beggar and gave him bread, saying: "Take this loaf; I give it because you are hungry."

Now there was a continual rivalry among the citizens of this town as to who should appear to be the most pious man, and the event of the gifts to the beggar made discussion. People gathered in knots and argued furiously to no particular purpose. They appealed to the beggar, but he bowed humbly to the ground, as befitted one of his condition, and answered: "It is a singular circumstance that the loaves were of one size and of the same quality. How, then, can I decide which of these men gave bread more piously?"

The people heard of a philosopher who travelled through their country, and one said: "Behold, we who give not bread to beggars are not capable of judging those who have given bread to beggars. Let us, then, consult this wise man."

"But," said some, "mayhap this philosopher, according to your rule that one must have given bread before judging they who give bread, will not be capable."

"That is an indifferent matter to all truly great philosophers." So they made search for the wise man, and in time they came upon him, strolling along at his ease in the manner of philosophers.

"Oh, most illustrious sage," they cried.

"Yes," said the philosopher promptly.

"Oh, most illustrious sage, there are two men in our city, and one gave bread to a beggar, saying: 'Because of God's word.' And the other gave bread to the beggar, saying: 'Because you are hungry.' Now, which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man?"

"Eh?" said the philosopher.

"Which of these, oh, most illustrious sage, is the more pious man?"

"My friends," said the philosopher suavely addressing the concourse, "I see that you mistake me for an illustrious sage. I am not he whom you seek. However, I saw a man answering my description pass here some time ago. With speed you may overtake him. Adieu."

Stephen Crane.

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PARIS LETTER.

It appears that in consequence of the action of certain Paris Municipal Councillors, various works of fiction, and notably *Madame Bovary*, have been withdrawn from circulation at the Paris Municipal Libraries. This tardy condemnation, as immoral, of Flaubert's novel is amusing, especially in the Paris of to-day. Gustave Flaubert, himself, would be delighted with this measure, for, in the last years of his life, he had come to hate the very name of *Madame Bovary*, and used to be quite rude to strangers who, on their introduction to him, complimented him on the book which the world persisted in classifying as his masterpiece. "Hang *Madame Bovary!*" he would bellow forth in real anger. "*Madame Bovary*, *Madame Bovary* is—is rubbish." It irritated him to be known only as the author of this one book, when he had written others of equal and even superior merit. Max Nordau has experienced the same feeling. People would talk of him as "the author of *The Conventional Lies*," and he has told me that his chief object in writing *Entartung* was to shake off this denomination.

The sincerity of the respect with which the profession of letters in general and that of poetry in particular is regarded in France by the powers that be, has once more been exemplified. It became necessary a few days ago for a special commissioner to be sent by the Government to the French fleet in the Mediterranean. In England such a commissioner would have been chosen from the thousand supernumeraries of the Government offices. In France a poet was chosen. It was M. Yann Nibor who was selected by M. Lockroy to carry out this mission. M. Yann Nibor is a poet of the sea, a writer of ballads of the "Yoho! ho!" variety, a man in no way connected with politics. We shall have to wait long years in England before the same spirit moves our politicians. Can you fancy Weatherly or Clark Russell being chosen as representatives of the Cabinet, because of the intimate knowledge of maritime affairs, and of the keen sympathy with maritime folk shown in their works? It is true that, as a son-in-law of a poet, M. Lockroy has a larger appreciation of poets than most politicians, but still there is no precedent for a selection of this sort. Yann Nibor, it appears, was strongly recommended by various admirals of the French fleet, who all testified to the popularity of the poet amongst the sailors. Nibor is a man destined to be popular. He is a fine athletic fellow, who writes swinging verse, composes his own music, and sings his songs with quite professional skill. His performance is a great feature at Alphonse Daudet's delightful Thursday *soirées*.

"On prend son bien . . ." you know the rest. This apparently is the only explanation which Emile Zola has vouchsafed to those who have drawn attention to the fact that one notable passage in his novel, *Nana*, was "lifted" from Thomas Otway's tragedy, *Venice Preserved, or a Plot Discovered*, a translation of which has recently been given in performance at the Théâtre de l'Œuvre, where the indebtedness of Zola was first noticed. Readers of *Nana* will remember the scene where Count Muffat in a paroxysm of amorous imbecility crawls about Nana's boudoir and plays at being a dog. Readers of *Venice Preserved* will remember the passage where the Senator Antonio performs in a similar manner for the delectation of Aquilina. A comparison of the text-book in Zola's novel and in the translation from Otway affords the best proof of the indebtedness of the French novelist to the English dramatist. Here are the parallel passages :—

"NANA."

Le comte Muffat fait le chien chez sa maîtresse.

D'autres fois, il était un chien. Elle lui jetait son mouchoir parfumé au bout de la pièce, et il devait courir le ramasser avec les dents en se traînant sur les mains et sur les pieds.

—Rapporte, César! Je vais te régaler, si tu flânes! Très bien, César, obéissant, gentil; fais le beau!

Et lui, aimant sa bassesse, goûtant la jouissance d'être une brute, aspirant à descendre, criait :

—Tape plus fort! Plus fort! . . . Hou! Hou! Je suis enragé. Tape donc! . . .

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"VENISE SAUVEE."

Le sénateur Antonio est l'amant de la courtisane Aquilina et, sadiquement, s'incarne en quadrupède.

Un chien, monseigneur !
(Le sénateur Antonio se jette à quatre pattes, rampe sous la table, et aboie.)
—Ah ! vous me mordez ? Eh bien, vous aurez des coups de pied !
—Va ! de tout mon cœur ! Des coups de pied ! . . . Encore, encore des coups de pied ! . . . Hou ! Hou ! Plus fort ! Plus fort ! Encore plus fort !

Speaking of Otway's *Venice Preserved*, Henry Bauer, the first critic in France, says : "An incomparable spectacle, of the highest grandeur and tragic beauty."

The first instalment of Léon Daudet's new story, a phantasy called *Shakespeare's Journey in the North* [announced in the July BOOKMAN], appears in the November issue of the *Nouvelle Revue*. Léon Daudet proposes to show from what types—supposed to have been met by Shakespeare in this imaginary journey in the North of Europe—the dramatist drew his characters. In Denmark he meets and converses with the prototype of Hamlet, and so on. I notice in the same number of Madame Adam's magazine the first instalment of a new life of Napoleon, by M. Proudhon. One had fancied that the interest in Napoleon's life was waning. Apparently it is not.

There is certainly a "ring" in Paris amongst writers for the stage. It may be noticed that those whose dramatic works are accepted for performance are generally, if not invariably, persons influentially connected with the newspapers. It was partly to counteract this ring that Antoine founded the Théâtre Libre. I remember asking Sardou to look over a short one-act play for a friend of mine. He did so, and when I saw him subsequently in his town-house in the Rue Général-Foy, he told me that the play was 1° "superb," 2° a chef-d'œuvre, 3° "Otway and Marivaux combined." I then asked him, on behalf of my friend, to give me a word to a Parisian manager, to induce the manager to read it. Sardou said that that was useless, the author being an unknown man. He added that there were twenty dogs on each stray bone, a gang of wolves tearing each other's throats at each stage-door. However, he eventually wrote a very enthusiastic letter of introduction and recommendation to a Parisian manager who has always professed his desire to "produce" young authors. I gave his note to my friend, who, on reading it, thought his fortune made. This took place in 1889. Till the date of writing—we are in 1895—the author has had no news of his manuscript. As I have said, Antoine tried to counteract this ring, and, to prove his sincerity, I may quote the case of M. François de Curel, a young dramatic author who recently attracted much attention. M. de Curel had written three plays, all of which he considered, in their way, excellent. Being entirely what is called "an outsider," he did not dare approach Antoine as M. de Curel, and accordingly sent the three plays, each under a different pseudonym, to the Director of the Théâtre Libre, asking in each case for fair consideration to be given to each play. Within three weeks M. de Curel received at the three different addresses given, addressed to the three different fictitious names, warm letters of acceptance, with invitations to call and arrange for the production of each play. He called and introduced himself successively as M. Un-tel, M. Chose, and M. So-and-so. His three plays were played, one at the Théâtre Libre, one, on M. Antoine's recommendation, at the Variétés, and another, on the same recommendation, at the Théâtre Français. These pieces were : *L'Envers d'une Sainte*, *L'Invitée*, and *L'Amour Brodé*. Besides the three plays named, M. de Curel, thanks to M. Antoine's influence, was able to produce in the same year two other one-act pieces, *Les Fossiles* and *La Figurante*.

The legend that genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains seems inaccurate, at least as far as dramatic work is concerned, to those who know. The most successful plays which during recent years have been produced either in London or in Paris have literally been written *currente calamo*. For instance, M. de Curel's *L'Amour Brodé* was written in a fortnight. It was enthusiastically received at the Comédie Française, the first theatre in the world. I could cite many other cases to show that great rapidity of production is not incompatible with great popular success.

Every one who has been to Paris knows of Nadar the photographer. Few know that Nadar, before he was a photographer, was a novelist of great dis-

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tinction, who took to photography, because, like many of us novelists, he had discovered that writing does not always "feed its man." Well, Nadar has failed even as a photographer, just as from a commercial point of view he had failed as a novelist, and is now, after fifty years of figuration on the Paris boulevards, about to return to Marseilles a grey-haired and ruined man. He spent a million francs during the siege of Paris in balloons, and organised the postal service of the beleaguered town —and now, apparently, he has nothing beyond a volume of memoirs, which he proposes to publish. Nadar's real name is Tournachon. He came to Paris as a medical student, and at the age of 17 published a novel entitled *Robe de Déjanire*, which was followed within three years by his *Miroir aux Alouettes*. His next was to draw, and he drew and published a "Panthéon" of caricatures of men of the day of 1854. And then finding (as many of us have found) that neither writing nor drawing is very lucrative, he took to business, and was, in his way, the best photographer of Paris. But even business failed him, because, being an artist, he applied all the profits of his trade to the wildest ventures. His balloon, "Le Géant," cost him a fortune. It nearly cost him his life, as a Prussian non-commissioned officer was anxious to hang him when "Le Géant" fell into the Prussian Camp. He escaped, however, and now is a ruined man. He has written twelve books, of which one at least is a masterpiece. The name of the latter is *Quand j'étais Etudiant*, a book which renders Murger futile.

Robert H. Sherard.

123 BOULEVARD MAGENTA, PARIS.

IN PARADISE.

When Mollie laughs, you hear the rush
Of winds among the forest trees,
The joyous outburst of the thrush,
When twilight prompts his melodies,
And other sounds as quick as these
To lift the heart. The paths are green,
Life opens for her down its leas,
She treads them blithely : she's sixteen.

When Phyllis smiles, the darkest sky
Is shot with sunlight through and through ;
For every dimple shown thereby
She gains a lover, ardent, true.
'Tis vain to sigh and vain to sue,
He best may fare who long can wait
For favour from those eyes of blue—
The years she numbers are but eight.

Order my life, ye Sisters three,
As seemeth best, but grant me, whiles,
Abidance in that Paradise
Where Mollie laughs and Phyllis smiles.

Henry Baldwin.

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NEW BOOKS.

HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES FROM THE COMPROMISE OF 1850.*

In the third volume of his work Mr. Rhodes confirms the impression created by the earlier volumes, that he is giving us as satisfactory a history as could be expected at only the present degree of remoteness in time from the period of which he treats. A great history of the Civil War is as yet impossible; the groundwork of fact is not yet ready for the finer touches of philosophic genius. A good history is not only possible, but is realised in the work before us. The present volume, like its predecessors, gives evidence of a correct appreciation by the author of the scope and character of the task that he has undertaken, an amazing degree of industry and intelligence in the accumulation of material, and a praiseworthy spirit of impartiality in framing judgments upon men and events. However one may differ from his conclusion upon any particular point, Mr. Rhodes leaves no room for doubt that that conclusion has been evolved from a conscientious, even laborious, balancing of evidence.

The third volume covers the period from the Presidential election of 1860 to the capture of New Orleans in April, 1862. The main narrative is preceded by a chapter of 113 pages on the social conditions prevailing in the decade from 1850 to 1860. This introductory chapter—which can be designated only by description, since Mr. Rhodes does not honour his chapters with titles—is one of great value. Its calm presentation of facts and tendencies in connection with the commerce, finances, transportation systems, health, amusements, literature, and religion of the people furnishes a much-needed corrective to the impression created by many so-called histories, that the sole occupation of our people between 1854 and 1860 was a passionate and acrimonious debate on the question of slavery. In treating of the tariff, Mr. Rhodes rather unnecessarily, though in the most amiable manner, drags in his own views on the general subject, and incidentally exhibits again his admiration for Daniel Webster, by presenting and endorsing the ideas of the latter as expressed in 1824. One of the most interesting passages in this chapter is that on the health of the people. The author has gathered together from contemporary literature a large number of passages bearing on the subject, but he fails to give sufficient weight to the fact that almost all the opinions and observations embodied therein relate to what we call the higher social classes, and are put forth by writers of a satirical tendency, like Holmes and Curtis. Mr. Rhodes's conclusion that "during the last forty years the American physique has unquestionably improved," seems to rest too much on a comparison of the results reached by "the precise observations" of such careful statisticians as Emerson, Everett, Holmes, and Curtis (p. 72), with the personal dimensions of that invincible and irrepressible optimist, Edward Atkinson (p. 74).

The two long chapters in which are treated the events between Lincoln's election and the fall of Sumter constitute distinctly the best history of the period that has thus far been written. The author's effort to be perfectly fair both in presenting facts and in passing judgment upon individuals is often very conspicuous, but is always very successful. That Buchanan, while weak, was not unpatriotic, has been grudgingly conceded by a few Northern writers before Mr. Rhodes; that Jefferson Davis was really sincere in his expressions of regret at leaving the Union has never before been presumed without discussion. Again, take the theory that the secession of the cotton States was the outcome of a plot concocted by a knot of Southern Senators at Washington; the seven pages which Mr. Rhodes devotes to laying this fancy render its resuscitation by any intelligent being an impossibility. As to the efforts at compromise in and out of Congress, the author is, we think, disproportionately elaborate. His general conclusion is that the Crittenden proposition, if adopted, would have warded off the crisis; that the Republicans were re-

* History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850. By James Ford Rhodes. Vol. III., 1860–62. New York: Harper & Brothers, $2.50.

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sponsible for the failure of this proposition ; and that Lincoln was chiefly responsible for the attitude of the Republicans. But at the same time he holds that no compromise would have permanently settled the issues at stake, and that morally the attitude of Lincoln was justifiable.

Throughout the whole discussion of the influences that determined the course of events in the winter of 1860–61, there is one point at which Mr. Rhodes is fairly open to criticism. He does not ascribe sufficient—indeed, he scarcely ascribes any—importance to the persistency of extreme party antipathies during the period. To the observer at the present day, the magnitude of the disaster impending overshadows everything ; but at the time itself the peril, while appalling, was yet too vague in form to overcome the concrete and perfectly definite passions of recent political controversy. Both the hesitation of Buchanan to deal sharply with South Carolina, and the reluctance of Lincoln to consider compromise, were in no small measure due to the fear that some party advantage would be gained by Republicans and Democrats respectively. It was very hard to believe that civil war was actually at hand ; it was very easy to believe that great popularity would accrue to the party through whose representatives a settlement of the crisis should be effected. Hence the policy of "masterly inactivity" on the part of the Republicans, to which Mr. Rhodes makes only a passing allusion (p. 266). They felt that, having won the election, they should have the credit of settling all the questions involved ; and therefore they thwarted the schemes that promised a settlement before they assumed charge of the administration. To the persistency of party feeling are also to be attributed the suggestions of impeachment which must have had some influence on the timorous spirit of Mr. Buchanan. He could not believe the Republicans incapable of combining with the extreme Southerners against him in proceedings based on the exercise by him of doubtful powers in opposing secession. Mr. Rhodes apparently deems the impeachment suggestions unworthy of mention. His intimated belief (p. 187) that in December the Republicans were very ready "to take up with a Democratic leader who would stand as a champion for the Union and for the enforcement of the laws," is quite irreconcilable with the analysis of Republican feeling which precedes it, as well as with the ideas developed above.

It is perhaps well that the author does not undertake any formal discussion of the more purely legal questions involved in the controversies of this period. The constitutional law of the situation has been treated almost *ad nauseam* by other writers. The repeated references of Mr. Rhodes to a supposed distinction between coercing a State and enforcing the customs laws (cf. pp. 303, 330) are not especially happy. There was no practical difference between the two ; and the logical difference that was worked out for political effect merely arose from regarding the same fact from opposite points of view. The attempt to exclude from consideration the corporate State in using force against the individual citizens thereof, broke down utterly long before the war terminated. In respect to the questions that very early arose as to the suspension of the *habeas corpus*, Mr. Rhodes is singularly inadequate. His three-line reference to the Merryman case at Baltimore (p. 391) is inaccurate as well. A little of the space assigned to the efforts at compromise would have been better employed here. Perhaps, however, the whole matter of arbitrary arrests is to receive fuller treatment in later volumes, when the time is reached at which they became a very important political issue.

On the events after Lincoln's inauguration Mr. Rhodes does excellent work. His judgments as to Lincoln, Seward, and McClellan are most likely to be those of all future historians. Possibly the unfavourable reflections on Seward may be modified by fuller light at some points. McClellan's "own story" has unfortunately closed the way to any further apology for its author. From unpublished Sumner manuscript Mr. Rhodes has been able to make very interesting and valuable contributions to our knowledge of foreign opinion on our affairs at the outbreak of the war. In dealing with military matters, the author avoids any straining after dramatic effect, or, at any rate, fails to produce such effect. The battle and campaign maps are excellent.

As to style and arrangement, there is

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some room for criticism in this as in the first two volumes. It is hard to tell the basis of the chapter divisions. Neither topical nor chronological order alone explains it. The chapters are exceedingly long—the shortest 99 pages and the longest 165! In each there is a confusing amount of abrupt transition between unrelated topics. Mr. Rhodes, however, seeks to save the reader unnecessary shock by the mechanical device of double leads between paragraphs where the change of subject is most violent. This mitigates the strain somewhat, and saves such intellectual paralysis as is inflicted by Professor MacMaster in his hop-skip-and-jump rambles from subject to subject, often without even the paragraph break. In respect to style, either Mr. Rhodes or his literary reviser (see p. 637, note) is guilty occasionally of peccadilloes. We fear that the effort to hoist into untechnical usage the word "envisage," and even "envisagement" (p. 366) is foredoomed to failure. We doubt that railroad bonds are technically known as "acceptances" (p. 39). "The nineteenth-century Addison" would probably not have moulded an apostrophe to his "million readers" in just this shape: "What an audience to address words of wholesome morality, healthy criticism on literature and art, and acute observations on society to!" (p. 94). He would have thought instantly of Castlereagh's great feat, in concluding a set speech in the Commons with the word "its." But the literary vagaries of Mr. Rhodes's work seldom affect the clearness of his meaning, and they are not to be taken seriously. Certainly they are the farthest possible from modifying the judgment that he is making an invaluable contribution to historical science.

HIS FATHER'S SON.*

In these days of the sudden swarming of writers toward the Middle Ages, and when the meat-axe of melodrama tips the standard of victorious romance, the writing of a story of modern New York, by a thorough New-Yorker, seems to me to be doubly significant. As Mr. Matthews in the past has been interested in the realities of American life, so he continues to be. The recent hurrah over the "shilling shocker" seems not to have changed his artistic motive.

As a matter of fact, a writer who is moved by motives deeper than love of money—deeper even than the love of success—does not change with the wind of public approval. Purveyors of reading matter for the million may change and does change as often as the buyers of 28-cent volumes at the bargain counters may change, finding themselves quite happy in selling prodigious stocks of easily made books, winking meanwhile at each other in contempt of the buyer. But not in this way is the lasting art of any nation produced; of this any student may convince himself by a study of the records of each distinctive age of literature.

I think there can be no controversy over this position, for the attempt to think its converse (as Herbert Spencer would say) is ample demonstration. Imagine all English novelists turning to the middle age of France for their material. Imagine all American novelists writing of Greece in the time of Alexander, and the fair-minded reader will see at once that writing of that sort is likely to be artificial and quite lifeless. The believers in an American literature rejoice at the over-production of the cheap romance. It is largely a publishers' revival, for this kind of sensationalism has always had the majority of readers and always will, just as the *Saturday Night* and "the Old Sleuth" stories outsell Hawthorne and Miss Wilkins. The sale of such literature does not surprise the student of men—he does not even object to it; he only questions the sincerity or the wisdom of those critics who put the author of the "killing tale" above George Meredith or Thomas Hardy.

What prevents American novelists from buying up somebody's memoirs of this or that court, and grinding out tales, four per year, all in the first person? Nothing but literary conscience. They are artists in motive. They are not seeking after success of that kind. Any artist should not be too successful. If he gets to be the rage he should pull himself up short, and revise not only his art, but himself.

A painter friend of mine when he finds himself selling his fifth picture in the

* His Father's Son: A Novel of New York. By Brander Matthews. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.50.

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same month always locks his door and puts himself and his art on trial. I am suspicious of a man who studies his audience more than his subject, and conversely I find myself drawn to men like Henry James who is producing the most purposeful and meaningful and artistic work of his life (see *The Lesson of the Master*) at a moment when such work is apparently overlaid and crushed out by "popular romance."

I applaud, therefore, at the outset the theme to which Brander Matthews applies himself. It shows a man content to keep his own individual point of view during an apparent uplifting of the sensationalist upon the throne of art. There is no great sale for him nor for any other man who sets a thoughtful and contained work of art before the people. This is no new thing. If a man is to succeed largely he must either frankly tickle to laughter or teach the primary classes. Mr. Matthews's book does neither. It is a book for readers capable of thought.

Let me interpolate right here that of the best of Stevenson I am a profound admirer. I read all that Kipling writes with joy. I don't care what a man writes about provided he is a sincere artist, moved to his choice irresistibly, not because somebody else is succeeding in that line. Great art demands a great personality behind the work. I feel a distinctive and powerful soul behind Kipling's work and Stevenson's work, just as I feel Meredith and Ibsen through their lines. These men take hold of the deeps of life, and it matters little to me whether they call themselves idealists or realists. They are creative souls. There is no justification in art of imitation for commercial purposes. Dumas may be allowable, even commendable; an imitation of Dumas is abominable artistically, however successful on the bargain counters.

His Father's Son is a great theme, a contemporaneous theme. It is not involved, and contains no alien elements. It is a study of a New York business man and his son. It concerns itself very little with women other than the wives of the two men, and not at all with society, and yet it interests and convinces. It adds one more great figure to the delineation of American business men. Ezra Pierce is worthy to be catalogued with Silas Lapham and G. Milton Northwick.

It is a grim book, written with precision and ease, and it is perfectly thought out; yet to me the theme is greater than the treatment—that is to say, it is *related* rather than dramatised, though this applies rather to the first half of the story than to the second half; the two last chapters especially rise to powerful drama. There is no wavering in the burin—the hand which holds it is firm, calm, certain—and yet this calmness, this firmness may, after all, show the limitations as well as the excellences of the artist.

The author has not permitted himself the slightest exaggeration, but this self-containedness will no doubt keep many a reader from perceiving how pure and sincere the art really is. There is no marked peculiarity of style, no striving for grace, but there is perfect clarity. The medium is so transparent that the reader forgets its necessary presence in his interest in the subject. This appears to me to be a fine achievement.

Ezra Pierce represents a very wide class of American financiers, who do such paradoxical things in public and private life that the student of men marvels as if studying a new kind of animal. Abstemious in their lives, not given to loose living, sternly intolerant of lying or petty deceits, they nevertheless rob in millions, and wreck in the fashion of conquering armies. To them money made within the law, no matter how relentlessly disaster follows, gives no concern, does not appear to be criminal; it is merely business. Ezra Pierce lives quietly, morally in his home. He is faithful to his wife and generous to his church, but relentless to his enemies in business. He despises gambling, and never takes chances—he *makes* chances.

All this is sorrowful to the social reformer, but superb opportunity for the novelist; and while I cannot say Mr. Matthews has made the very largest use of his theme, I feel his treatment within the lines he has struck out to be well-nigh flawless. He permits himself but few actual dramatisations of the stormy interactions of his characters, but these few are worth waiting for.

The story begins with the coming home from college of Winslow Pierce, and his entrance into business with his father. It ends with his flight to Europe. He comes and goes, but the grim old captain of railroad wreckers stays

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to the end, never petty, always master of his emotions and of all exterior situations. He has, throughout, his self-justification, like Krogstadt in *A Doll's House* and like Bernick in *The Pillars of Society*, and he remains absolutely unperceptive of the terrible fact that *he* has corrupted his son, and that he himself is a thief and bandit; and not merely this, but by the art of the novelist the reader is made to admire and pity the old man. His strength wins admiration, his loneliness and lack of social attachment make the heart ache for him. He rises to epic proportions, like David Marshall in Henry Fuller's *With the Procession*.

As I laid the book down I had the feeling that it was perfectly authentic throughout. It moves with the inexorable quiet progress of daily life. Nothing seems forced, there is no set appeal to the reader, and this is grateful. I felt behind this book a keen, sane, sympathetic intelligence, neither a preacher nor a peddler of sentiment. I do not know Mr. Matthews save through his writing, but this book makes me feel that I have not hitherto comprehended his earnestness and sincerity.

Of a certainty many people will say, "Why write such a depressing book?" There is no answer to that threadbare question save this: It is not depressing to strong minds, any more than the east wind, salt and keen, is depressing to vigorous bodies. These stern, manly books are good to read. They are the native product, the mental output fit to counteract the sickly sentimentality and the bathos of the atavistic romance. Moreover, the public has no dominion over the artist, and should have none.

While I do not wish to be understood as disposing of Mr. Matthews's book, I must come back to a statement of my feeling that the theme of *His Father's Son* is greater than the treatment of it, fine as that treatment really is. Within its limits it is perfectly adequate, but I feel that the author has not included enough. He has passed over in narrative form, scenes which to my mind held the finest possibilities for drama. I have no doubt all this was done designedly, for when in the final chapters the father and his son come face to face in a reckoning, there is no hesitancy and no weakness in the dialogue.

Sam Sargeant and Cyrus Poole, as well as Ezra Pierce and his son remain in the mind vital, accusable as any men we know, and to produce this effect without set appeal or trick is masterly work. The reading of such a book is an intellectual as well as a moral stimulus, though there are plenty who will disagree with me on these very points.

Hamlin Garland.

CONSTANTINOPLE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL, AND MODERN.*

Of all the books of the season that are not merely holiday publications, Professor Grosvenor's is easily the most sumptuous and splendid. And it is not merely to its externals alone that these adjectives are to be applied. The book itself is a rich store of scholarship and minute learning set forth with all the attractiveness that a finished literary style can give to that which is in itself of intrinsic interest. What the Commendatore Lanciani has in part done for Rome, Professor Grosvenor has wrought for the other capital of the Empire. There are, indeed, many points of likeness between the present volume and the two delightful books in which the Italian scholar has made both pagan and Christian Rome live for us again. It has the same abundant knowledge gained from long personal observations made on the spot; it has also the same glow of enthusiasm that inspires the reader and carries him along from page to page with all the fascination of a great historical romance; and it is also faultless in the literary and artistic setting which the liberality of the publishers has given it.

Yet there are points of difference, too. Signor Lanciani's warmest sympathy is given to the classical period; Professor Grosvenor's to the modern. The former sets before us only an archæological *promulsis*, a sort of whet for the appetite, which often tantalises rather than fully satisfies; while Professor Grosvenor, with ample time at his command and a fixed and definite purpose, rounds out his work to a most gratifying amplitude, bringing his account of

* Constantinople. By Edwin A. Grosvenor, Professor of European History at Amherst College. 2 vols., illustrated. Boston: Roberts Bros. $10.00.

Constantinople. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

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the city down to the present day, so that, to get a comparative equivalent for his performance, we should have to unite Lanciani's books with the great work of Gregorovius, and should even then have a gap to fill with the missing history of the last four centuries.

General Lew Wallace, who has written a short introduction to the book, gives an interesting account of the way in which the author acquired his material for it during the years when he occupied the chair of history in Robert College; how under the guidance of the learned Greek, Dr. Paspatis of Scio, he roamed over the site of ancient Byzantium, exploring the quarters now hidden to the modern, "digging into tumuli in search of data for this and that, deciphering inscriptions, and fixing the relations of points" with that ever-increasing glow of enthusiasm which, perhaps, the archæologist feels in a higher degree than any other mortal. The fascination of hidden treasure is, of course, felt by the whole human race, and has been cunningly played upon by the writers of romance from the days of Nitocris down to those of Monte Cristo and Captain Kidd, and the Gold Bug, and Treasure Island. But what is the glamour of mere material gold and silver hidden in the ground, compared with the intense and indescribable magic that casts its spell over one who is seeking for treasures that may not only be of rare beauty and artistic perfection, but may add an appreciable quantity to the sum of human knowledge, and make their discoverer immortal?

Professor Grosvenor first takes up the general history of the city, which he rather too briefly sets forth in a single chapter; then sketches the rise of the Ottoman power; passes on to give a few pages to the personage whom he impressively styles "His Imperial Majesty the present Sultan"—the bigoted cut-throat whom Europe is now happily preparing to smash; writes a chapter on the Golden Horn and its adjacent towns and villages; gives a very full section of some hundred and fifty pages to the Bosporus (why, in these latter days, does Professor Grosvenor write it "Bosphorus"?), and then proceeds to his principal task of dealing with Constantinople itself, ancient and modern, on a definite system—first the ancient city, its splendours and existing remains, and then, in the second volume, the city of mediæval and modern times. The whole narrative weaves together most deftly the topographical, historical, archæological, and descriptive elements. The great drama of Byzantium and the Eastern Empire is once more set before us with all its gorgeous magnificence, its bloodshed, its decadence, its great *débâcle* when the Turk swept over its defences, and by the scimitar of his janissaries hacked to pieces the last of the Christian emperors—a gallant and chivalric figure. The modern city is minutely drawn with the most intimate knowledge, and nothing is left for the reader to desire. No small part of the attractiveness of the book comes from the wonderfully fine illustrations that are lavishly scattered through its pages to the number of two hundred and fifty. All of these are beautifully executed, and many have not before been given to the world. Their range of subject is very wide. From the coins of the Roman emperors and the portraits of the Sultans, to the beautiful bits of Oriental architecture, the fountains and mosques and palaces, the beggars in the streets and the ladies in the imperial harem, everything is set before the eye in the most attractive form.

Within our limits quotation is impossible, and criticism finds little to fasten upon. We could wish, however, that Professor Grosvenor had indicated the sources of his ancient and mediæval drawings—the portraits and plans and views. Likewise we regret that he has adopted the strictly Greek forms of proper names, not because we consider this pedantic, for it is not pedantic when done by a scholar like Professor Grosvenor, but because we have never yet found any one who has been able to carry out such a plan consistently, and because inconsistency sets the reader's teeth on edge. Professor Grosvenor is no exception to the rule; for we find in his pages, for example, such forms as Palaiologos and Andronikos side by side with Platæa and Arcadius and Basiliscus. Nor is the spelling even of the same names always the same, since Anastasius is given in the text and Anastasios in the index.

Mr. Crawford's little volume, with its exquisite Turkish cover and beautiful typography and pictures, is a brightly

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written chat about Constantinople as it is to-day and from the tourist's point of view. The book will make a very dainty present, especially for a globe-trotter.

H. T. Peck.

THE VAILIMA LETTERS.*

The value of these letters lies in their being like their writer. All Stevenson's work, when it was successful, was a more or less literal transcription of his every-day self. Even his literary discipline tended and helped to this end, instead of to the production of an artificial and unfamiliar self. No writer owed so much to his own social qualities; and his popularity is very far from being an exclusively literary one. His interests, his views of life, his opinions on books, his hopes, his despondencies, his eccentricities, heresies, prejudices, he insinuates into his readers, and they are adopted, cheered, echoed, in most unlikely quarters, not because of their intrinsic worth or reasonableness, but because they were his, and had, therefore, the most winning of advocates and expounders. The Vailima Letters are not to be named with epistolary masterpieces. But they let out the secret, to whoever has not already guessed it, of Stevenson's beguiling influence. Just what delighted you in *Kidnapped*, or *The New Arabian Nights*, or in the *Travels with a Donkey*, is here to delight you when he is speaking of his own private concerns, or of Samoan politics, or of his literary hopes and fears—his sparkling fun, his varying moods, his austere indignation, his gentleness, his ready confidence. If Stevenson ever posed at all he posed in naturalness, in being so much himself that no one could think him other than he was.

But though he had no other pose than this most laudable one, very few men have made more effort to give fine circumstance to his life. To live in Grub Street and dream of green fields or of marble palaces under sunny skies was not his idea of living well. The contempt with which he sometimes spoke of the literary calling was perfectly sincere. The "jingle of words" intoxicated him, but it was to be an artist in life that his most full-blooded desires went out. And his Samoan home, with its beautiful site, its numerous dependants, its barbaric dignity, is the realisation of the picture in a dream. Think what it was for a man with his love of the grotesque, and the coloured, and the unusual, to live amidst this kind of thing:

"There were folks in tafa, and folks in patchwork; there was every colour of the rainbow in a spot or a cluster; there were men with their heads gilded with powdered sandal-wood, others with heads all purple, stuck full of the petals of a flower. In the midst there was a growing field of outspread food, gradually covering acres. . . . At intervals from one of the squatted villages, an orator would arise. The field was most beyond the reach of any human speaking voice; yet it was possible to catch snatches of this elaborate and cut-and-dry oratory—it was possible for me, for instance, to catch the description of my gift and myself as the Alii Tusitala, O le alii O malo tetele—the chief White Information, the chief of the great governments. Gay designation?"

Or to enjoy the mingled horror and exhilaration of his work,

"weeding out here alone by the garrulous water, under the silence of the high wood, broken by incongruous sounds of bird. . . . The life of the plants come through my finger tips, their struggles go to my heart like supplications. I feel myself blood-boltered; then I look back on my cleared grass, and count myself an ally in a fair quarrel, and make stout my heart."

Or, after a life of invalidism, how would the adventurer's heart stir at this physical ability for

"twenty miles' ride, sixteen fences taken, ten of the miles in a drenching rain, seven of them fasting and in the morning chill, and six stricken hours' political discussions by an interpreter; to say nothing of sleeping in a native house."

He was a hundred gallant heroes in that ride, you may be sure, which makes him look back with disgust on the "pallid brute that lived in Skerryvore like a weevil in a biscuit." He was aware of his happiness.

"Fanny and I rode home; and I moralised by the way. Could we ever stand Europe again? did she appreciate that if we were in London, we should be *actually jostled* in the street? and there was nobody in the whole of Britain who knew how to take ava like a gentleman? 'Tis funny to be thus of two civilisations—or, if you like, of one civilisation and one barbarism. And, as usual, the barbarism is the more engaging."

But for the large hospitality he dispensed, for the picturesqueness, for the very possibility of living, he paid dearly. There is this other side of the picture given—humorously enough for the most part; but his brother writers will know

* Vailima Letters. Being Correspondence addressed by Robert Louis Stevenson to Sidney Colvin, November, 1890—October, 1894. 2 vols. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $2.25.

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what it means. Even his fertile brain, his elastic spirits, were being drawn on unduly.

"No toil has been spared over the ungrateful canvas; and it *will not* come together, and I must live, and my family."

That again and again comes up, turned aside with a—

"Queer thing life," or, "I believe in an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it! But it is hard walking, and I can see my own share in the missteps, and can bow my head to the result, like an old, stern, unhappy devil of a Norseman, as my ultimate character is. . . . Well, *il faut cultiver son jardin.*"

Or,

"Weakling generation. It makes me sick of myself, to make such a fash and bobbery over a rotten end of an old nursery yarn, not worth spitting on when done."

Yes, the book rouses a protest in us that forced labour should ever have been wrung from this free, joyous spirit, and it demolishes the last rag of Stevenson's brave and most insincere optimism. Perhaps, however, if the sad note sound in our ears above the gayer ones, our recent loss may be partly the cause. There is abundant acknowledgment here of good times, of gaiety, and infinite variety of interests; and it were surely an unsympathetic soul who would wish for more hard-wrought books instead of the pictures of his throwing himself with headlong generosity into the native cause, exercising patriarchal authority, gloating over the melodious Samoan tongue, rejoicing in the life-giving air. These letters written in slang, or in the language of tragedy or trifling, indifferently, paint him and his quick-changing nature just as they were, and thus show the best of Stevenson. For whatever be the final estimate of his literary work, his own life was his greatest achievement.

MR. YEATS'S POEMS.*

"Ah, leave me still
A little space for the rose-breath to fill!
Lest I no more hear common things that crave;
The weak worm hiding down in its small cave,
The field mouse running by me in the grass,
And heavy mortal hopes that toil and pass;
But seek alone to hear the strange things said
By God to the bright hearts of those long dead
And learn to chaunt a tongue men do not know."

This is the key to all the poetry Mr. Yeats has yet given us. The consciousness of two worlds is ever present in his dreams, not this and that of a dim future, but one co-existing with and invading the other, each disputing the other's claims. Perhaps the most revealing thing in all this volume—we are inclined to call it the most remarkable poem—is "The Man who Dreamed of Fairyland." This world was not without its interests to the man; he fell in love. But as "he stood among a crowd at Drumahair," he heard a Druid song, and

"The singing shook him out of his new ease."

He gathered money like a prudent man, but in the midst of his reckonings came a song again,

"And at that singing he was no more wise."

His hot blood was stirred with anger, but as he turned to take vengeance, vengeance fled before a tale of a lonely, peaceful fairy folk, and

"The tale drove his fine angry mood away."

He was gathered to his fathers, and there he might have known stillness, you would think.

"Were not the worms that spired about his bones
A-telling with their low and reedy cry,
Of how God leans His hands out of the sky,
To bless that isle with honey in His tones;
That none may feel the power of squall and wave,
And no one any leaf-crowned dancer miss
Until He burn up Nature with a kiss:
The man has found no comfort in the grave."

These are not the poems of a man who finds fairyland convenient because it provides pretty and picturesque and romantic circumstance. They are haunted by "the wayward twilight companies." For in the balance of one world against another, it is easy to see which scale is the more heavily weighted—in spite of Cathleen and her sacrifice, in spite of the very human "Ephemera," and in spite of the rough ballads, direct translations from humanity. The human nature, by the bye, that interests him most lives near the soil and the roots of things. Rudeness is not repellent to him, and such ballads as "Moll Magee" are fashioned not after literary models, but rather after the rough chanting chronicles that, to this day, give recent and current affairs impressiveness sung by the wandering bards of Brittany.

But the bliss of dreaming—and its ruin, too—

* Poems. By W. B. Yeats. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.50.

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"No maiden loves me, no man seeks my help,
Because I be not of the things I dream,"

are as yet more native themes. Not many of us love poetry very much, and a moderate lover has generally a preference that his own life, idealised, should be the stuff from which poetry is woven. We do not think Mr. Yeats appeals to any moderate lovers. But there are words for those who hanker after what is called the "human element," even outside the poems named above. Wisdom has often had a way of dwelling apart from those it lived to help; and in the search for beauty tenderness is a not infrequent comrade, since the searcher finds

"In all poor foolish things that live a day
Eternal Beauty wandering on her way."

Mr. Yeats has revised much, and not always to please his older readers. He has cast out some poems which deserved honourable places, and which surely will not knock at the doors of future editions in vain. There is a lack of finish in some of his work, quite distinguishable from his artful love of the crude. His plays are wanting in a dramatic sense, and there are a few mystical poems which need a key. But there is not one commonplace line. There is hardly a misused term. There is no exaggeration, no eccentricity. It is the verse of a man born into the ranks of the poets, who sees poetry and breathes it, and who happens to have the gift of words. This indeed he has. Listen to it in "The Lake Isle of Inisfree," in "The Rose of Battle," in the almost too much rewritten "Wanderings of Usheen," in the last lament of Oona that ends the "Countess Cathleen:"

"The years like great black oxen tread the world,
And God the herdsman goads them on behind,
And I am broken by their passing feet."

THE SORROWS OF SATAN.*

Whenever we finish the perusal of one of Marie Corelli's novels, we feel an intense desire to stamp fiercely on the floor and cry "Ha!" and mutter in our beard, and address the first person who happens along as a "vampire." This is an unconscious tribute to Marie Corelli's power, and incidentally an indication of what sort of book it is that Marie Corelli writes. She is, in fact, in her general literary style, the natural successor of Ouida, and we imagine that her public is identical with that upon which Ouida in her best days used to let loose her exuberant vocabulary and her pyrotechnic imagination. But Marie Corelli's morality is not that of Ouida—far from it. In the present volume she is very severe upon the prurient literature of the day; she impales Mr. Swinburne with many adjectives, she fleers at the hypocrisy of society, she denounces the shams of modern Christianity, and she even mocks at the alleged strictness of Her Majesty's court. Altogether she undertakes a large contract of denunciation, and carries it out with satisfactory and even exuberant completeness. It is said in London that Mr. Andrew Lang has had the honour of serving as one of her studies for this volume; and the good and virtuous heroine, Mavis Clare who writes such successful books, is evidently Marie Corelli herself, as the initials of the name also help to show.

The book is delightfully diabolic, and furnishes at least one thrill to every three pages, which is all that any one can reasonably ask for at the price. Satan, it appears, comes to London in the disguise of a handsome, mysterious, and immensely wealthy prince, whose name, Lucio Ramânas, learnedly suggests both Lucifer and Ahriman. He is very popular, though his eyes often have a "strange glitter," and he not infrequently laughs a "mocking laugh." He is especially loved by a certain Lady Sibyl, whose morality has been seriously impaired by reading Mr. Swinburne's poems; and she finally, "with a sudden, swift movement, flung herself upon his breast," while "the moonbeams showed her eyes alit with rapture." Lucio, strange to say, thrust her from him and politely called her "false and accursed" and "a fair fiend" and other names. Thereupon she resolved to kill herself, and after providing a liberal supply of stationery and a bottle of poison, sat down before a large mirror in order that she might "see her face radiate in the glass," remembering, as she cheerfully says, that "in a few days the worms will twine where the smile is now." Having done this she writes what would make, we should estimate,

* The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. $1.50.

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some sixty pages of manuscript about Mr. Swinburne, literature, the scientific heresies of the day, and other matters, and then takes the poison. Although, as she says herself, "torture indescribable" makes her "a writhing, moaning, helpless creature," she keeps on writing for some fifteen pages more, and at the last, it being revealed to her just who Lucio really is, she ends with this :

"Serve me, dear hand, once more ere I depart; . . . my tortured spirit must seize and compel you to write down this thing unnamable, that earthly eyes may read and earthly souls take *timely warning*! . . . I know at last WHOM I have loved!—whom I have chosen, whom I have worshipped! . . . I know WHO claims my worship and drags me into yonder rolling world of flame!"

Besides such exciting things as this, there are any number of epigrams and skits, and an unusual collection of adjectives, besides one or two new adverbs that we do not recollect to have seen anywhere before.

Altogether it is a great book and one to be recommended to all who like this sort of thing. When they have finished it, they, too, will feel an intense desire to stamp fiercely on the floor and cry "Ha!" and mutter in their beards, and address the first person who happens along as a "vampire."

H. T. P.

A NEW VOLUME OF TENEMENT SKETCHES.*

We take it that Mr. Sanborn was originally destined by the Andover House authorities for a statistical thesis in the manner of Hull House Papers or a chapter in Charles Booth's *East London*; but that when he donned the "hoboe" costume for the sake of investigating tramp lodging-houses, the light of the experiment brought out the die and set it. Henceforth he knew himself as vagabond in essence rather than as sociologist. Even if it were not for the confession of his prefatory note, his book was doomed to betray him. No one but a sympathetic soul could enjoy so thoroughly as this writer "Gus," "Scotty," "Billy," "Saucer," and the rest of the gang at "Moody's" on the side of humours and manners.

"A lady disguises an inevitable yawn with a jewelled hand or a dainty fan. Gus, impelled by a kindred sense of decorum, always pretends to be adjusting a non-existent garter or a suspender, when he is goaded to scratching by an uncommonly virulent bite. Either his manners or his intelligence would be adequate to the most exclusive circles of the city."

And of Billy, the "religious bum," who sees the mission breakfast through, even to sitting on the "anxious" seat :

"I have seen enough of these fellows to assert that they have expert knowledge of all the promising signs of conversion and are quite capable of counterfeiting them when they see anything to be gained thereby. Besides there is a fine, old-fashioned gallantry about them that makes them reluctant to refuse a lady anything she asks, even to a change of heart. 'Ce que femme vent, Dieu le vent.'"

Yes, Mr. Sanborn is an inveterate humourist. Apart from these quotations, no respectable social investigator ever fell like him to quoting Charles Lamb and Montaigne, when he had the pick of all the government reports in the State House Library.

But while these sketches are not in essence of statistical inspiration, neither are they the literary fancies of the Chimmie Fadden order. "They are mere transcripts from life. I have written true things simply about poor people. That is all," says their author. And, indeed, in his book there is not even so intentional a use of fact for literary ends as a London writer, Mr. Morrison, who is equally well supplied with realistic data of the slums, has given us. Mr. Sanborn has exploited the *vie intime* of the lodging-house tramp with as great thoroughness and as great care to avoid literary elaboration as Mr. Flint in his tramp studies. And for this, if for no other reason, his work has, in spite of himself, the sociological value which he humorously deprecates. No hint of reform, as an ulterior end of his curious excursions into the life of the bummer, indeed appears, and for some people its presence would be the only moral justification of Mr. Sanborn's rôle. Yet for all that, perhaps on account of that, his book is for the philanthropist. If he states disgusting and debasing details with a matter-of-fact brevity strange to the sensational reformer, and if he views the submerged tenth with a humorous complacency which would completely disconcert Mr. William Morris and the champions of the people, he at least strikes a brave

* Moody's Lodging House, and Other Tenement Sketches. By Alvan Francis Sanborn. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

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blow at the sentimentalism which is at the root of most of our mistaken dealings with the poor and the social outcast, by neither being shocked by facts nor seeing them for better or worse than they are. Moreover, Mr. Sanborn, being a humourist and happily unencumbered by a theory, escapes priggism, and by his *cameraderie* with low life accomplishes precisely what the people who decry the barriers between rich and poor manage to prevent, that sentiment of social sympathy which is the birth not of condition, but of a strange sense of kinship in human frailty and nobleness between ourselves and other people.

Mr. Howells predicts the "still more faithful form of contemporaneous history," which is to supersede "the faithful portrayal of life in fiction." And after reading Mr. Sanborn's book, we can resign ourselves to such a prophetic future, knowing that it would exclude neither humour nor entertainment.

Edith Baker Brown.

FROM THE "BIBELOT" PRESS.

The dainty little volumes from Mr. Thomas B. Mosher's press in Portland, Me., are well worthy of special mention. The excellent bookmaking, careful editing, and choice of subject are especially adapted to the tastes and needs of the artistic *connoisseur* and literary scholar. In the Old World Series we have the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, rendered into English verse by Edward Fitzgerald, with a sonnet by Mrs. Marriott Watson, a Toast to Omar Khayyám by Theodore Watts, an appreciation of Fitzgerald by Mr. Irving Way, the scholarly young publisher of Messrs. Way and Williams, and Mr. Fitzgerald's article on Khayyám, together with notes and remarks on the various editions of the *Rubáiyát*. This series also contains Mr. Andrew Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette*, being a direct reprint from the very scarce edition of 1887. The original etched title-page (with a curious error in its date) and three woodcut designs by Jacomb Hood are also reproduced in this edition. The Bibelot Series contains *The Blessed Damozel: a Book of Lyrics*, chosen from the works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and *The Sonnets of Michael Angelo* in rhymed English, by John Addington Symonds. These are printed on fine hand-made paper with deckel edges. Mr. Mosher has also made a neat little brochure of Walter Pater's *Child in the House*, which is printed on Japan paper.

A BOOK ABOUT FANS.*

Considered as a history of the fan, this book is unsatisfactory: it is strange that the subject has not yet had such adequate consideration in English as the books by Blondel and Uzanne contain. We agree with the author that "it repays careful study," and that the fan "almost defines what the artistic productions of a nation were at a given period." For this reason one desires more complete and exhaustive research on the "butterfly of art" than is found here.

The Oriental fan is passed by with distressing rapidity, and, although the story is told of the Chinese Emperor's favourite, who, to revive his waning affection, sent to him (A.D. 550) the famous Autumn Fan—by which name a neglected wife is still known in China—with verses, these are omitted:

"O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver's loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter's snow,
See friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above.
At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
Stirring at every move, the grateful gale;
And yet I fear, ah me! that autumn chills,
Cooling the dying summer's torrid rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of bygone days bygone like them."

Very insufficient, too, are the allusions to its literary history. Fancy touching upon the subject and forgetting Austin Dobson's *Ballade on a Fan that Belonged to Madame de Pompadour*, conceived in such exquisite taste, beginning:

"Chicken-skin, delicate, white,
Painted by Carlo Vanloo,
Loves in a riot of light,
Roses and saporous blue," etc.,

and ending with the deep note under the deftly blown and beautifully coloured verse-bubble:

"Where are the secrets it knew?
Weavings of plot and of plan?
But where is the Pompadour, too?
This was the Pompadour's fan!"

* A Book About Fans. By M. A. Flory. With a Chapter on Fan-Collecting by Mary Cadwalader Jones. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.50.

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It might have interested the reader to quote from Coryat's *Crudities* and learn what the famous traveller said in quaint words about the fans he saw in Italy in the seventeenth century, carried by men as well as women. And where is the story of Eleanora d'Este's fan, which, kissing passionately, she threw at Tasso's feet in an agony of distress to tell her heart's secret, hopeless love? Steele, too, in the *Tatler*, has a clever essay about a coquette and her fan, which bears repeating.

No mention is made of "chicken-skin," the leather prepared with almonds and spermaceti, favoured by fops and belles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and used for fan-mounts; and no hints are given of the "eccentric fans"—save a "dagger-fan" of the Italian Renaissance—such as the "doubled fan," the "parasol fan," the "scent-bottle fan," the "dressing-case fan," such a complicated one as was shown in Vienna in 1873, bearing upon each rib scissors, a fork, knife, spoon, etc., which could be removed without disarranging the sticks, and the Chinese curio, which, being opened the reverse way, threatens to fall apart.

No fault could be found with the examples of fans shown in the beautiful reproductions, yet we could wish for additional ones. Some pictures from the Greek vases would have been interesting as specimens of the fan and in the manner of using it; and we desire an illustration or two from the curious fans of the eighteenth century referred to generally. They deserve a more detailed notice. Among them are the "conversation fans" (not mentioned), which give the *raison d'être* to Addison's essay in the *Spectator*; "fortune-telling fans," "riddle fans," "dance fans," "botanical fans," "almanac fans," "principles-of-politeness fans," "punning-bill-of-fare fans," fans containing political and social caricatures, portraits of Napoleon, Wellington, and other celebrities, scenes from the *Beggar's Opera* and *Gulliver's Travels*, sketches by Hogarth, cameos by Bartolozzi, and musical and card-parties, all of which are contained in Lady Charlotte Schreiber's *folio de luxe*, entitled *Fans and Fan-Leaves* (London, 1888). From this at least we might have had the "Ranelagh fan," showing the Rotunda and people strolling under the shrubbery, as did the beautiful Gunning sisters with Horace Walpole, or Beau Tibbs and his party when they spent such a disappointing evening.

The period of the French Revolution, too, affords a wide range for illustration. No mention is made in the book of the "weeping willow," the leaves of which when inverted showed pictures of the Royal family, and there is no hint of the "transparent fan," which held against the light revealed its true political sentiment. Such a fan procured for Madame de Cevennes her death, and such a one, secretly obtained, she waved at the guillotine.

Part II. is devoted to Fan-Painting, and Part III. to Fan Collecting. Three pages out of twenty-nine in the latter are given to the subject; the others are digressions, rather wide of the mark, and repetitions of data, such as the "cabriolet fan" and the "Vernis Martin," already described on pp. 41 and 49.

For the amateur the book in its artistic setting may be useful, but the picturesque history of woman's toy, sword, and sceptre remains to be written.

Esther Singleton.

A NOVEL OF LUBRICITY.*

Habitual readers of THE BOOKMAN will, we think, acquit us of any especial prudishness in our literary judgments. When a writer of distinction has set before himself a definite and consistent theory of his art, and is evidently guided by it in his work, it is always by his own canon that we are desirous of measuring his success. One may disagree absolutely with his conception of what that canon ought to be, and yet accord the warmest praise to the consistency and perfection of his achievement. Therefore, while it is impossible to commend the literary formulas of M. de Maupassant and Mr. George Moore, for example, it is equally impossible to deny that whatever they have done is stamped in every line with artistic excellence and intellectual sincerity.

But when we come to Mr. Thomas Hardy's latest piece of fiction, it is necessary to differentiate. The exposure of the human form in the dissecting-

* Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.75.

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room under the calm, dispassionate gaze of the anatomist shocks no one; the same exposure by the body-snatcher, who rifles the grave to gloat with lewd and sordid joy over the same exposure, is revolting to every sanely human instinct. And so in literature, unmorality differs *toto cælo* from immorality. The naturalistic school of France regards life from the point of view of a theory in which morals in the Anglo-Saxon sense of the word have no place whatever; but the immunity accorded to these men cannot by any conscientious critic be granted to Mr. Hardy. His social environment, his racial temperament, and the literary traditions in which he has been reared are not those of France or of Galicia; and his work must therefore be tried by the ethical and artistic standards of the men of his own blood. Hence it is that we must condemn, with not the slightest shade of qualification, the latest volume from his pen as being both a moral monstrosity and an outrage upon art.

To those of our readers who first made Mr. Hardy's acquaintance in his *Tess* and in the present novel, this may seem to be an unreasonable assertion; but fortunately his reputation and his fully formulated theory of fiction were established years ago in his earlier and better books. In them appear all his extremely powerful gifts of narrative. In them appears also his profound and unmitigated pessimism. With this pessimism one can have no quarrel, though it is clearly false to life; for if it be untrue that everything happens for the best in this best of worlds, it is quite equally untrue that everything happens for the worst. But this is nothing to the point. In *A Pair of Blue Eyes* (his strongest work), in *The Trumpet Major*, and in *The Return of the Native* there were seen gifts that placed him among the foremost novelists of the century. If some passages in all of these were coarse, the coarseness was only incidental, and was almost unavoidable in one who is fond of delineating the lives and habits of thought of the half-pagan peasantry of Wessex. In *Jude the Obscure* there appear the same pessimism and much of the same power; but there has been gratuitously and wantonly injected into it such a stream of indecency as can find no counterpart in any of his other works, and no excuse in anything that has ever been put forth in explanation of his literary methods.

The characters of the book are Jude Fawley, a peasant by birth, who is possessed of an intense yearning which is never gratified, for scholarly distinction, and of refined and spiritual traits which exist side by side with a lurking love of sensuality and drink; one Arabella, a typical barmaid, coarse, brazen, and cunning; Jude's cousin Sue, an Anglicised version of one of Marcel Prévost's *demi-vierges;* and a certain village schoolmaster named Phillotson, who has some unexplained sexual peculiarities at which Mr. Hardy, for a wonder, only hints. Jude is tricked into an early marriage with Arabella, and Sue is forced into one with Phillotson. Both marriages are ended by divorce, whereupon Jude and his cousin live together in unlawful relations, until an accumulation of disasters converts Jude into a sceptic and Sue into an hysterical *dévote*, whereupon they separate, Sue remarrying her schoolmaster as a matter of conscience, and Jude remarrying Arabella as a matter of desperation.

Such, in brief, is an outline of the story, which, even as Mr. Hardy tells it, is improbable, but which one would not criticise were it not for his extraordinary lack of reticence in the telling. There is nothing in the plot that justifies the grossness with which he has chosen to elaborate its details. Nor is this grossness the grossness of the English novelists of the last century—of Fielding and Smollett—with whom Mr. Hardy has many traits in common. It does not suggest the rude virility of young and lusty Englishmen, with huge calves and broad backs and vigorous health; of strapping fellows who roar out their broad jokes over a mug of ale in the tap-room of a country inn. It is rather the studied satyriasis of approaching senility, suggesting the morbidly curious imaginings of a masochist or some other form of sexual pervert. The eagerness with which every unclean situation is seized upon and carefully exploited recalls the spectacle of some foul animal that snatches greedily at great lumps of putrid offal which it mumbles with a hideous delight in the stenches that drive away all cleanlier creatures. We do not desire to dwell upon this subject. Our great objection to it is that it is wholly unnecessary, that in forcing us

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to batten upon such carrion, Mr. Hardy is sinning against light and wilfuly marring our appreciation of his grasp upon higher and nobler qualities than are the attributes of a scavenger.

Some one may say that, although Mr. Hardy's earlier work be of a different character, he has a perfect right to change his point of view; that if he prefers to accept the naturalistic theory of fiction in the full, he is at liberty to do so; and that, by our own admission, it is improper to quarrel with him merely because he has selected an unpleasant subject and drawn it to the very life, carrying out the delineation with merciless logic and without abating a jot or tittle from the requirements of realism. As a matter of fact, *Jude the Obscure* is not a realistic work. It is not a truthful reproduction of life. It sacrifices the probabilities everywhere to the exigencies of the plot. When he makes Arabella appear and disappear just at the proper moment, like a marionette, bringing her unexpectedly on the scene as the *diabola ex machina* whenever a fresh complication is essential, and shifting her from one part of England to another according to the author's needs, Mr. Hardy is no realist. The double marriage of Jude and Sue, their double divorce, and the curious transposition of their respective beliefs and disbeliefs, so that each ends when the other begins —all this is done to produce an effect and to make a startling contrast, and not because it is true to life; for in life things do not happen in this chiastic way. The fact is that Mr. Hardy tries to ride two horses—to be at one and the same time a romanticist and a realist, demanding for himself the romanticist's license in plot and the realist's license in incident. The result is a book that has none of the recognised claims to high literary rank; for it neither teaches a useful lesson, nor is it true to life. It is simply one of the most objectionable books that we have ever read in any language whatsoever.

One circumstance we feel compelled to mention in order to give a finishing blow to the theory that Mr. Hardy's art, such as it is, is disinterested and sincere. When the story appeared as a serial in *Harper's*, it was a comparatively decent work. The author had studiously eliminated the most outrageous of his lubricities. In producing it as a book, he carefully sifts in the omitted filth, supplies the lacunæ with the necessary filling, and sends it forth with all its present rancid revelations. In other words, he furnishes a mild article for the family magazine and a highly spiced one for the *dura ilia* of the general public. Is this the attitude of a great literary artist with a single and consistent theory of his art? Is it not rather the canny suppleness of the smug peddler who with equal indifference vends a child's primer or brings out with a knowing leer a bundle of flash stories?

Some time ago we asked a distinguished critic what he thought of one of the younger of the French naturalistic novelists. "Oh," he said, carelessly, "he is merely speculating in smut." The expression is a crude one, and we should, perhaps, apologise for writing it down here; yet it serves our purpose excellently well, for in our judgment frankly and deliberately expressed, in *Jude the Obscure* Mr. Hardy is merely speculating in smut.

P.

SUCCESSWARD.*

Successward, by Edward W. Bok, is a book so comprehensive in its scope and so final in its conclusions, that it leaves nothing further to be said upon the various problems of life. Indeed, the satisfaction of possessing so complete a guide to health, happiness, and heaven is only marred by the thought that its author can have nothing more to give the world. Yet we would not have it otherwise. In dealing with questions which have heretofore been considered difficult, or even beyond solution by the human mind, Mr. Bok manifests a simplicity of treatment, a certainty of grasp, and an insolence of security which give, within the compass of one small volume, results which are often sought in vain through many learned works.

Perhaps no chapter in *Successward* illustrates this characteristic of the book so well as that entitled "His Religious Life." Here Mr. Bok puts to shame the theologians of all time, sets at rest the questionings of humanity, and makes an end of all controversy. He says: "It [a religious life] means

* Successward. By Edward W. Bok. Fleming H. Revell Co. $1.00.

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simply the living of an upright life, a life of respectability. This is all that a religious life means." Before reaching this conclusion Mr. Bok attempts with a splendid audacity what a lesser man would shrink from even conceiving. He offers, in short, a sort of expurgated edition of the Sermon on the Mount, especially adapted for speeding a young man toward the goal of worldly success. Only Mr. Bok, we are sure, would venture this; and we hope, too, that the Christian Church will feel its indebtedness to our author, since he expresses, on the whole, his approval of its institution, and recommends it to the patronage of ambitious young men. Remarkable as this chapter is, the following revelation of the depths of a young child's mind attracts especial notice. "Enough it is to know that there is a God. . . . That is all that is given us to know. It is all that the new-born infant can know"!!

Upon the subject, "His Attitude toward Women," Mr. Bok is naturally very much at home. He acknowledges that "some men never get to a point where they understand women." We have, indeed, heard of such ourselves. Not belonging to that class, however, our author proceeds to enlighten it, once for all, and clears up the vexed question of woman as readily as he did that of religion. He deals kindly with the weaker vessel, and with an opulence of good nature exclaims: "How a man can be a hater of woman I really cannot understand." Now this casual remark reveals a hitherto unsuspected state of affairs. Still, it remains to be said that men deserve some credit for so gallantly concealing their aversion, and we now await from the editorial page of the *Ladies' Home Journal* a rebuke to young women for hating young men.

"The Question of Marriage" is always interesting, but it proves more than commonly so in the pages of *Successward*. A quite original rule is offered to guide young men in the choice of a wife, for Mr. Bok observes, "Only in rare cases do we find the useful and ornamental combined in a single woman." With married women, presumably the case is different—alas for the young men! Mr. Bok shows but a just appreciation of his own capacity when he sums up the whole matter thus: "These are the only points which I or any other writer can possibly advance regarding this question of marriage."

Successward also treats of such matters as self-knowledge, success, business, dress, amusements, and the sowing of wild oats. In his remarks upon these subjects Mr. Bok corrects a quite general, though evidently erroneous impression. Imagining that high and pure character is the result of a man's innate love of decency, or of his appreciation of the beauty of holiness, we have heretofore called that man a prig who follows moral precepts for the sake of business or social advantage; but we acknowledge our error, and again defer to Mr. Edward W. Bok.

One only regret do we feel in laying down *Successward*. In the first chapter we read: "It is necessary that the workman should understand his tools." Now, when Mr. Bok undertook to write a book he doubtless understood the English language. Yet, we grieve to say, it plays him the sorriest tricks imaginable! Upon every occasion the elegant turn of a phrase eludes his search; and as for the pert preposition and the artful adverb, the way they slip around from under his pen and pop themselves into the wrong places is really surprising; but if Mr. Bok had paused to study the English language the world would still await *Successward*.

SOME RECENT CLASSICAL BOOKS.*

Dr. Verrall's handsome volume on Euripides, like everything else that he writes, is characterised by learning, lucidity, and ingenuity. The last quality is, indeed, the one that is most generally associated by scholars with Dr. Verrall's name; and the present work in this respect will not detract from his reputation. At the same time, this in-

* Euripides the Rationalist. By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D. Cambridge University Press. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.90.

The Banquet of Plato. By Percy B. Shelley. Chicago: Way & Williams. $1.50.

Selections from Plato for English Readers. From Jowett's Translation. Edited by M. J. Knight. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Sappho: Memoir, Text, and Translation. By Henry Thornton Wharton, M.A. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $2.25.

Homeri Ilias. Edited by Walter Leaf, Litt.D. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

P. Vergili Maronis Opera. Edited by T. E. Page, M.A. New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.00.

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genuity is almost always entirely perverse, and devoted to the discussion of the non-existent. He would have us believe that the plays of Euripides were not so much great dramatic pieces written with the single purpose that characterises the plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, but rather with a mocking spirit, to poke fun at the national religion and the traditional legends of the Hellenic people. This is not the place to discuss at length his theory and the argument upon which he bases it. Suffice it to say, that his conception of the underlying motive of the Euripidean dramas appears to us worthy of a place beside the Neronian hypothesis as to Persius and Petronius. A hidden meaning that is so much hidden as to leave its very existence unsuspected for more than two thousand years is one whose reality we are certainly justified in suspecting; and to attempt to give it form and substance at this late day is pretty surely destined to be labour lost.

We cannot conceive how Messrs. Way and Williams were induced to waste good paper, a handsome cover, and so much beautiful typography upon Shelley's translation of Plato's *Symposium*. As a translation it is far less easy and idiomatic than Jowett's, and it is disfigured by the crudity of introducing the Latin names of the gods into a Greek text. Moreover, the most curious and instructive passage of the whole dialogue is omitted. The only word in Greek letters in the whole volume contains two typographical errors. More to be commended is the collection of typical passages from the different dialogues in Jowett's translation, now published by the Clarendon Press, and edited with an introductory account of Plato by M. J. Knight. To it is prefixed the preface that Dr. Jowett wrote for Mr. Purves's *Selections;* and a brief summary of each dialogue is given in the proper place. While the effect of the whole is rather scrappy, as might be expected of a work intended for University Extension readers, it may prove to be of value in exciting a taste for further reading in Plato; and therefore it can be conscientiously recommended. Granted that its plan is good, that plan has been carried out with judgment and discretion.

Why is it, we should like to know, that, after twenty-four centuries, the name of Sappho is still so potent a spell to conjure by? A few stanzas of her verse and a stray word here and there preserved in the pages of the grammarians who quote them, are all that remains to us of her poetry, and pretty nearly everything told of her personality is mythical; yet not scholars only, but all sorts and conditions of men, feel an undefined and mysterious interest in her. Only a short time ago, when the present writer happened to be in a little out-of-the-way town in Connecticut, the village lawyer, a hard-faced Yankee as dry as a chip, came to him and asked, with much earnestness, where he could find a translation of the lyrical remains of Sappho. He knew no Greek, and was by no means a man of literary tastes; yet he wanted to know all that was to be known of Sappho. What is, then, the source of this widespread interest? We suspect that it springs partly from the romantic legend of her love for Phaon, which is absolutely unhistorical, and of her tragic death, which is even less supported by any scrap of evidence. Probably, too, the shadow of scandal associated with her name has also something to do with it, and this (*pace* Welcker and Mr. Wharton) does rest upon some tangible authority. Whatever the reason, Mr. Wharton's dainty volume, which in this, its third edition, is enlarged from 202 to 237 pages, will delight a multitude of "burning Sappho's" admirers, and, like the preceding editions, will prove a boon to the collector of beautiful books. It is as complete as any one could wish. Its cover is designed by Aubrey Beardsley, its rough-edged paper is of the best, and its Greek type was procured at Berlin by special permission of the Imperial Government. The memoir prefixed to the fragments is erudite and satisfactorily full, telling what is known and what is conjectured regarding Sappho's life and history, with a sketch of the various critical works that have been written on the subject, and of the modern books suggested by it, including even a mention of Daudet's *Sapho*, which in nothing but its title recalls the fair Lesbian. Each scrap of Sappho's poetry is then given, even to the single words cited by the Greek lexicographers, and many translations and imitations in English are given in their proper place, their authors including Frederick Tennyson,

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Michael Field Professor Palgrave, John Addington Symonds, Gladstone, Sir Richard Burton, Swinburne, Edwin Arnold, and many others. A bibliography of editions and works on Sappho fills eighteen pages at the end. There are three fine photogravures—one of Alma Tadema's ideal head of Sappho, one of Mitylene, and one of the fragments of the Fayum parchment brought from Egypt in 1879 and ascribed to Sappho by Blass in 1880, largely, however, through the processes of subjective criticism. Altogether there is little left to be desired. One criticism we feel compelled to make, and that is on the rather childish way in which throughout the prefatory memoir, the quantity of some of the syllables in the proper names has been marked. This has been done in a very haphazard fashion, some of the least known names being unmarked, and some of the best known having the quantity of the penult carefully indicated. We must say that a person who does not know how to pronounce the name of Theocritus is probably not the sort of person who would desire a book of such a character as this; while the indicated longs and shorts are an eyesore to the scholar.

It is related of a certain distinguished man that he learned the Latin language in order to be able to read for himself the story that was partly told in certain fine old illustrations that interested him when a boy in an edition of Lucan. In like manner we think that any true book-lover would almost be willing to learn both Greek and Latin for the pleasure of reading the exquisitely beautiful texts contained in the two volumes of the Messrs. Macmillan's Parnassus Library now before us. They are a delight to the eye, and lure the lover of the classics to peruse once again the two greatest epics that the world possesses. Dr. Leaf has employed the heavy-faced archaic type from the new font that he so much admires, and in his preface has a fling at the spidery Aldine typography. For our part, a good, clear, beautifully rounded font of Porsonian type is the perfection of Greek printing; yet Dr. Leaf's pages are so elegant as to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur.

H. T. P.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE ONE WHO LOOKED ON. By F. F. Montrésor. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Miss Montrésor has a distinct quality among story-writers. It is safe to predict a more conspicuous and lasting success for her than for many who have equal mental and imaginative gifts and even more interesting material to work on. It is a spiritual rather than an intellectual distinction hers, and it is the more powerful. The stuff out of which her two books have been mainly woven is not of certain interest; her characters, if they presented themselves to us in life, we might like to argue with or we might disapprove of. But introduced by her, we accept them and judge them from their own standpoint. She has the same effect on us as a sympathetic voice. It is not easy more closely to define what made many readers to whom the religious novel is distasteful, and others whose artistic fastidiousness was far from being satisfied, read *Into the Highways and Hedges* with unusual pleasure. Whatever it was, it is present here again in this slighter book, which is less directly religious in its subject and treatment. Gentleness or tolerance in her dealings with humanity might sum it up, but perhaps quietism, unattached to any particular doctrine, most nearly describes its effect. It would be unfair to compare the two books. The first was elaborate, ambitious, varied. This one is shorter, slighter, more limited in theme and in cident. But it is substantial enough to contain one real character, perhaps two —only Sir Charles was within the power of a great many able writers to create, and Susie of very few. The good people in novels who are as living as the wisely-foolish, golden-hearted Susie, are not numerous. We take this opportunity again of commending to our readers the work of a new writer which has been deservedly popular in England, and to which no meretricious

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qualities contributed. One looks to Miss Montrésor's future with mingled confidence and curiosity.

A SON OF THE PLAINS. By Arthur Paterson. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

Twenty years ago, so Mr. Paterson tells us, the Santa Fé trail had not yet encountered its deadliest foe—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway—and the man who embarked on a journey across the plains carried his life in his hands. Many grim adventures were the lot of travellers who traversed the trail at that time; some never got to the end to tell of them, borne down by drought and weariness, or massacred by Arapahoe Indians, while their wagons blazed around them. Mr. Paterson's story opens in the summer of 1873 gon the Santa Fé trail, and before many pages have been read we are already bent on a most exciting adventure. Two young ladies have been captured by the Arapahoes, and their daring rescue by Nat Worsley leads to an interesting love story, which mingles with the subsequent adventures of Nat and his friends ere they arrive at their destination in safety. Even then there is misunderstanding and playing at the serious game of cross purposes, and the tale flags a little until interest is whipped up again in Nat's bold, single-handed attempt to recover Maizie from the vile clutches of Sandy Rathlee and Nan in the saloon at Amenta. There are some vivid descriptions in this portion of the book, and the narrative quickens the pulse as the movement gains rapidity and grows exciting. The climax is well reached and handled, and the book is laid down with a glow of satisfaction. Mr. Paterson has told his story well, and the fighting scenes and graphic descriptions of life, the portrayal of character, and the startling tactics resorted to at momentous stages in the story denote a close acquaintance with the subject, as well as force of imagination and the ability to record his impressions in a direct and vivid manner. There still are traces of crudity in the manipulation of his characters, and the sisters, Maizie and Bel, are not clearly realised at first; indeed, they seem to suffer from a masculine lack of comprehension and an obtuseness concerning women. But the story once begun will not fail to hold the reader's attention, for its merit lies in the human interest which we are compelled to take in the fortunes of its characters.

BEATRICE OF BAYOU TÊCHE. By Alice Ilgenfritz Jones. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.25.

If the author of this story, which recommends itself to the reader by creating an immediate interest in its heroine and her setting, had confined herself to a small canvas, *Beatrice of Bayou Têche* would have been a distinct gain to the studies and stories of American life. It is disappointing to find the subtle charm, the clever touches, the truthful and beguiling local colour, and the intimate and unusual recollection and portrayal of childhood's sensations, which are expressed in the first seven chapters, degenerate into mere mediocrity. She makes the fatal mistake of becoming so interested in the people of her imagination, that she loses the editorial faculty of suppressing unnecessary details, and develops a sentimentality that seems to have been engendered by intimate acquaintance with the three-volumed productions of *authoresses* who always garbed themselves in white with blue ribbons and twined a pink rose or white camellia in their ringlets.

The description of the slave-child Beatrice, connected to an old Southern family by ties of blood, is a strong protest against the institution of slavery; and this child, who "was like a little far-off inland bay, echoing, though it knows not why, the pulse-throbs of the sea," and her limited world in the courtyard of an old mansion in New Orleans, are admirably suggested. The descriptions of the river-journey to the La Scala Place, the plantation, the house, the cabins, and the Southern life are well done; and excellent is the picture of the little house to which Beatrice and her grandmother, Mauma Salome, are consigned upon their arrival. It stands in a patch of bright, rustic flowers, and within is decorated with odds and ends, including pictures pinned upon the walls, a calico quilt on the bed, a battered brass candlestick, and a broken vase, whose crippled side was always next the wall. Here the old woman smokes and plays the banjo to the delighted audience of Robespierre, the cat. It is in such scenes that the au-

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thor is most happy. Immediately upon the introduction of her hero the note of excellence stops, and the restless moving of her characters from one country to another—they travel everlastingly—and the shifting of scenes reveal the weakness of the untutored novelist.

THE CHARLATANS. By Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely. $1.25.

While we have the publisher's word for it that *The Charlatans* is not an attack on Theosophists nor a satire on hypnotism, there is sufficient evidence in the context to prove that the authors are not friends of Theosophy. In fact, they show an inclination, by inference, to misrepresent the tenets of the belief. Lord Wanborough and Mervyn Darrell, on the verge of being unreserved converts, reveal remarkable ignorance of the cult not to have discovered the "charlatan" in Woodville, almost at his first appearance. A. P. Sinnett and others lead us to believe that nature holds no secrets that adepts of Theosophy have not fathomed. Woodville's speech, during a conversation with Lord Wanborough, and his manner were enough to excite suspicion in the veriest neophyte. He says: "We make no pretence to supernatural power. All we contend is that everywhere around us there *are forces which are unexplained, and possibly unexplainable.*" Woodville so clearly proclaims himself an impostor that it seems superfluous to bring him to confession. The delineation of the character of his companion, Madame Obnoskin, is more consistent, and the study of Woodville's character, the development of his better instincts and capabilities under the influence of Isabel's love, is skilfully drawn. This is especially seen near the close, which is by far the best part of the book. From the point of view of art the conclusion might be justified, but we are not convinced. It is a pity that Woodville and Isabel could not have been reconciled, or rather married, as reconciliation, though it did not actually occur, was as good as accomplished. And every reader will speculate regarding the fate of Isabel after her lover's tragic death. The story is founded on the drama of the same name, and, apart from its inconsistencies, is well told, and the interest in its plot fairly sustained.

A CUMBERLAND VENDETTA, AND OTHER STORIES. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25.

It is difficult to feel any sympathy with the class of people in this book to whom "moonshine" and pistols are the natural inspirations of every motive in life, and the accompaniments to every event and ceremony; and a shock falls across the reader's mind to realise that such a community of lawlessness should exist in a country that calls itself civilised. This volume does not read like fiction. It seems to have been cut out of the Cumberland Mountains by a bold, firm hand, which, if it give the ruggedness and ferocity of the landscape and the brutal and repulsive traits of the mountaineers, does not forget to add the flowers that bloom upon the precipices, and the primitive and impressive sentiment of violent, untaught natures. The atmosphere of the scenery, the purple seas of mountains that wave over and between Virginia and Kentucky, the wreathing veils of mist, the green and bronze of tree and moss-covered slopes, the cool, green shadows, the sharp, massive, grey boulders, the deep sweeps of valley, the odour of the earth, the dripping, sparkling dew, the notes of birds, and the hints of laurel, rhododendron, and violets could not have been given by any save a son of the soil. Here among such awe-inspiring scenes, depressing to those who are not natives, the people—miners, moonshiners, and raiders—are as wild as the eagles and catamounts that haunt its lonely crags.

Of the stories, the first, "A Mountain Europa," is the best. It is melodramatic, but such life is hardly to be exaggerated. Briefly, it is the story of a moonshiner's daughter, who wins the heart of a young engineer from New York, and is killed immediately after her wedding by her drunken father, receiving a shot intended for her husband. The other tales are "A Cumberland Vendetta," its sequel, "The Last Stetson," and a short dialect sketch "On Hell-fer-Sartain Creek."

BUNCH GRASS STORIES. By Mrs. Lindon W. Bates. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1 25.

With two exceptions this collection is composed of sketches of Western life; ambitious sketches they are too, with

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occasional rhetorical touches that betray more of affectation than of art. The two exceptions are "Inspiration at the Cross Roads," a tale of an artist's psychological evolution in the time of Louis XIV. of France; and "The Black Shell," a gruesome narrative, with the sacrifice of Agamemnon's daughter before the siege of Troy as the pivotal episode. The eight stories are interestingly told, and show uncommon skill in constructive art; but all leave the same unsatisfactory impression as of something striven for by the author, and not quite attained. The something lacking arises from a certain crudity of expression and raw experience of life. Situations are overdrawn, facts are falsified for the sake of effect; character is sketched with vigour, but without regard to fidelity of portraiture. Everywhere, however, there is evidence of latent strength, nor is this so far obscured as to be beyond development by the writer. More practice, keener study of motive, a clearer recognition of the common rules of art and the courage to cut out fine phrases would enable the writer to form a style, and to get an outlook on life which should prove of more than ordinary power.

STOLEN SOULS. By William Le Queux. New York: F. A. Stokes Co. $1.00.

"Anybody who likes hypnotism and Nihilism," says Anthony Hope, "and secret murder artistically performed by exotic drugs, ladies of great beauty and small scruples, and an astonishing *dénouement* to every story, cannot do better than try Mr. Le Queux's *Stolen Souls*. The book is downright sensationalism, of course, but I do not know why I (or Mr. Le Queux either) should apologise for that; it is good and even gorgeous sensationalism, and therefore well justified of existence. We, or the sensible among us, like all sorts of people, and we ought to like all sorts of books also, so long as they are good of their sort."

Perhaps it is unusual to quote one novelist's estimate of the work of a brother of the craft, and its superfluousness as criticism may be suspected by many who consider the novelists in league with one another; but in the present instance Mr. Hope's appreciation describes more faithfully than we can hope to do the nature and extent of Mr. Le Queux's work. The reader who takes up *Stolen Souls* will find time slip easily away as he finishes one story, only to begin the next, wondering whether Mr. Le Queux's ingenuity and inventive fancy will ever fail him. *Stolen Souls* is for the most part Russian in background, with secret societies and Anarchists mixed up in the horrible yet fascinating compound, for, as has already been hinted, there are horrors and surprises galore abounding in these queer stories, but they are pleasant horrors, and we are too conscious of the cleverness of the artist to feel profoundly the startling effects and tragic climacterics of his strangely wrought tales. *Stolen Souls* will be welcomed among the ephemeral books which ungrudgingly contribute to our entertainment and help us somewhat to unstring the bow of life for a brief season.

FETTERED, YET FREE: A Study in Heredity. By Annie S. Swan. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.

There is a fascination for most of us in the bare thought of Scotland, the land of mists and cakes, of romance and porridge; and some of us feel a personal interest in any study of heredity that has to do with its hard-headed, soft-hearted people. We can fancy the distaste with which their Calvinistic souls, nourished on Free Will and Election, must recoil from the thought of an inherited ban. It was surely a Scotswoman who said: "I was a liar by nature until I found out that lying ran in the family, and that cured me." There are, however, usually two parents in every household, and we are as likely to inherit good from one as evil from the other; moreover, we are not sent into the world altogether finished as to character, but are left room to develop into correspondence with our environment and along lines largely determined by our own volition. This is the philosophy which is expressed by Miss Swan's title; and in the working out of her thesis, that humanity, though fettered by ancestral traits, is yet free in great measure to determine its own career. She has given us a very charming picture of life in the "Kingdom of Fife," and some very human characters. It must be admitted that she is a trifle prolix; the book would be improved by cutting down; yet even diffuseness

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is a refreshing variety in these days of hurry, when it gives the feeling that the author has plenty of time for a chat. The lines of her picture are occasionally indistinct; and Frances Sheldon is a more successful portrait than the avowed heroine; more might have been made, perhaps, of the Brabant episode, and Mary Heron certainly comes off with less than she deserves. But here and there are scenes, such as the farewell between Kerr of Haugh and his wife, that for dignified simplicity and pathos could hardly be improved; and Kerr himself, with all his sins upon his head, "rough tyke," and fond of a "glass too much," is yet exceedingly lovable. One would rather like to have Eleanor marry Adrian, if it were possible, but perhaps modern science would justly interpose; and at least she gets her deserts. For,

> "She that will not when she may,
> When she will she shall have nay."

A QUESTION OF FAITH. By L. Dougall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

We are out of all patience with Miss Dougall. She has a strength of hand, a vividness of fancy, an originality of conception, which might place her very high among our writers of fiction; and she is sacrificing them all to the desire to preach. Now preaching in art is insincere; it isn't straightforward to profess to tell a story, and suddenly spring a moral upon the unsuspecting reader; if he does not resent it, it is because he is, like the children, used to it, and supposes it to be the correct thing. All that the artist may do is to hold the mirror up to nature; if the scene of his choice contain a moral, the frame of the mirror will doubtless serve to isolate it for the better observation of the beholder; but to point it out, by so much as a finger, is presumptuous, and should be unnecessary. We may illustrate by referring to Mrs. Deland's *Philip and his Wife*, and to Miss Dougall's own first published novel, *Beggars All*. The latter had also the advantage of a plot of singular character, so unusual, indeed, that the author has ever since been hampered by a vain desire to rival her own work, and in consequence has given us stories whose framework is cheap, whose colouring is gaudy, and whose motive is clap-trap. In *A Question of Faith*, her latest work, genius or chance has supplied her with another *motif*, the dramatic possibilities of which have been marred by the two tendencies which we have indicated. The half-crazed father, who is willing to lose even his own soul to bring his erring son to the belief in the mercy of God—could anything be finer? But Miss Dougall has her little sermon to preach; or perhaps the handling of such a theme was too great for her; and so literally and metaphorically the struggle for a soul is tucked into a corner, and serves only as an occasion of misunderstanding between Alice and her lover, in consequence of which everything in the book is out of focus. Amy, who should have been a bit of character drawing equal to Rosamond Vincy, is forced to be verbally explained by the author; and there are pages and pages, after the climax, of pure homiletics! Yet in spite of it all the story is bright and interesting.

NADYA: A TALE OF THE STEPPES. By Oliver M. Norris. New York: F. H. Revell Co. $1.25.

Mr. Norris makes no attempt at fine writing in *Nadya*, but there is charm in the simplicity of his style, and there is incident enough in his story to make it an attractive one. The description of the life of the Stundists would alone repay a perusal of the book. The author has woven a plot out of good, because uncommon, material. In the Countess Olga, a noblewoman of great wealth, he has depicted more simplicity than a reader of Russian novels is led to believe is possible in the nobility of Russia. Mikhail, the leader of the Stundists, and Nadya, the daughter of a fanatic ferryman, are lovable characters; not so Vladimir. Grisha, the deformed son of Vladimir's uncle, and the General form the dark background against which the nobility of the others shines out with more than ordinary brilliancy. In spite of the lack of studied attempt at fine writing, there are several scenes which are told with force, and almost with dramatic intensity. The death of the ferryman and the defence of the Pass by Sergei and his troops during the Russo-Turkish war are examples. Readers of Tolstoy and Turgenieff will recognise in *Nadya* almost a suspicious fidelity to the Russian scenery and character as portrayed by the Slav novelists, and

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there is at times even that forced avoidance of criticism of Russian institutions which marks the Russian novel of domestic manufacture.

PAUL HERIOT'S PICTURES. By Alison McLean. London and New York: F. Warne & Co. $.125.

It is perhaps owing to a fault or flaw in the critic's "ocular" that he is unable to understand why a collection of short stories must have a thread to hang upon, as though they were sausages! In *Paul Heriot's Pictures* the connection is very awkwardly managed; and whatever else the mysterious Paul may have been, he was certainly not an artist, to value pictures for their "story" rather than their intrinsic merit. The stories themselves, it may be, needed some such fictitious sentimental interest; for, taken alone, one doesn't quite see why they exist; but there are some rather pretty bits of description of English rural scenery, and certainly they will never bring a blush to the cheek of the young person. In fact, the pictures which are scattered pretty liberally over the pages will probably induce many a young person to take the book down from the shelves of the Sunday-school library, and pronounce it "very pretty reading;" and she will not detect that pictures, letter-press, and piety are all of about the same calibre, but will enjoy it all, along with the rest of her milk and water.

CORRUPTION. By Percy White. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

Mr. White's very amusing novel, *Mr. Bailey-Martin*, which appeared last year, ensured a large number of readers for the next book from his pen; and therefore *Corruption*, in spite of its repulsive title, will doubtless find many purchasers. They will be doomed, we think, to disappointment. *Mr. Bailey-Martin* was light in touch, unpretentious in structure, and based upon accurate observation and knowledge. As a study in cads it was in some respects deserving of comparison with Thackeray's similar but more farcical story, *The Fatal Boots*. But Mr. White's success has apparently been taken by him too seriously, so that he has now tried to give us a psychological novel dealing with the deeper things of life and touching upon the world of politics and society. Needless to say, the attempt is not a success; for Mr. White has neither the knowledge nor the power necessary for the self-imposed task. Nevertheless, the book is readable in spite of its too ambitious plan. The reader will probably smile, however, at finding the hero and heroine in the most intense moments of their unlawful love-making priggishly regaling each other with quotations from Browning and Shelley, and discussing in academic phrase the philosophy of life. It is probably too much to ask of Mr. White that he go back to school and refresh his knowledge of the English grammar, but we may reasonably express the hope that in his future books he will either abstain from quoting Scripture, or else take the trouble to verify his allusions to it. When he speaks of the "doubting *Peter*," and when he refers to the sixth commandment when he evidently intends the seventh, the effect is rather comic. And why does he continually spell "dipsomania" with a "y"?

LONDON IDYLLS. By W. J. Dawson. Boston: T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.

The mysteries, tragedies, the hardships and humours of London life are the materials of Mr. Dawson's tales. He knows no better storehouse than the great city. "Its life," he says, in his preface, "is the true epic of the modern world. The next great poet, when he comes, will be nourished on the breasts of London." In the meanwhile, its air is full of stories, and he tells ten of those he has listened to. Not all of them are very characteristic of London —the scene of "The Music of the Gods," for instance, might be laid in Bagdad just as fitly. But most are concerned with strenuous modern London lives, with lurking modern London temptations; and Mr. Dawson proves that he knows London well, from East to West, from the laundress's tub to the fashionable rector's pulpit. Many grades, many circles, and many opinions are represented in these thoughtful and impressive stories, which speak, in different accents, the language of the very hour that is with us. Since Mr. Dawson wrote *The Redemption of Edward Strahan*, published a few years ago, he has made rapid strides in the art of writing fiction, and *London Idylls* awakes expectancy by the possibilities, hitherto

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unguessed at, which it discloses in the author.

A MAN AND HIS WOMANKIND. By Nora Vynné. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 75 cts.

Miss Nora Vynné is a promising young writer, and her new novel, published in the very pretty and convenient Buckram Series, is a fair specimen of her work. It is the story of a man who is very much mothered by his womenkind. His wife, a lady journalist rather older than himself; his sister, and his mother, all live with him, and endeavour to protect and shield him. When he finds it out he is very angry, conceiving not unnaturally that his business might be to do something in the way of shielding them. Miss Vynné works out her plot clearly and pleasantly, but she seems to stop short in the middle of her story, although we feel she could have gone on and ended it. It is the silliest of all literary crazes, and one that it is high time was severely criticised, to believe that it is artistic to pull up abruptly in the middle. We should have liked it if the author of *A Man and His Womankind* had continued her narrative a little longer, and told us what happened when Dick Cedicsson found his old hair-brush.

GARRISON TALES FROM TONQUIN. By James O'Neill. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.25.

Up to the present time, the new French colony in the Far East has been *terra incognita* to writers of English fiction; so that Mr. O'Neill has the honour of being the first of our explorers in a field which has as yet been worked by none but Frenchmen, such as Paul Bonnetain and a few others. The dainty little volume in which this virgin soil is now broken for English readers is well worthy of careful perusal, for the stories are exceedingly well told, and are tinged for the most part with a certain mystery or melancholy that reflects the spirit of the Orient. They nearly all tell of the members of the French army of occupation, but the setting of the picture is strange and picturesque. Mr. O'Neill gives a glossary of Anamese words at the end of the book, which does not, however, cover all the expressions that are found in the text. The cover is one of the most striking and original that we have ever seen, the stamped oriental paper for it having been especially manufactured in Tokyo.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR. By Charles Lowe. Public Men of To-day Series. New York: Frederick Warne & Co. $1.25.

We have already had occasion to commend the excellent series in which the present volume is the fourth to appear, and we can only repeat with still greater emphasis our former praise after perusing Mr. Lowe's most readable book. His qualifications are evident to all who know his biography of Prince Bismarck, and recall his bright, entertaining, and somewhat journalistic style. He is especially fortunate in having for his subject in the volume before us so piquant and remarkable a personality as the German Kaiser, who is probably the most interesting figure on the stage of international politics to-day—a picturesque and puzzling prince, about whom men's opinions range from thinking him an inspired genius to mocking at him as a hare-brained fool. A young man who passes from the comparative obscurity of an heir presumptive to the dazzling hegemony of the most military nation in the world; who dismisses with a wave of the hand a minister like Bismarck; who threatens princes and parliaments as readily as he denounces socialists and democrats; who regards himself as God's anointed, and brings the monarchy of the Middle Ages into the sceptical atmosphere of our century's end; who commands ships and drills armies, and leads orchestras, and regulates fashions, and has an eye on everything from diplomacy to cooking—could any one write a dull book about such a curiosity as this?

Mr. Lowe tells his story in a most fascinating manner, with a wealth of amusing and instructive anecdote, and with no great bias toward any especial theory regarding the young Emperor, though his view, on the whole, is perhaps too favourable. The truth about the Kaiser probably is that he is really a very able

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and capable prince, but one who lacks so utterly a sense of humour as to make all his gifts a source of danger to himself and to his Empire. A youth who takes himself with such tremendous seriousness can scarcely see things in their proper perspective; and some day or other he will almost certainly plunge into some rash and reckless venture that may lose him his throne and teach him things of which he does not dream. In commending Mr. Lowe's book we have the same objection to make that we brought against his *Alexander III.* some time ago—that his chapter headings are ridiculously sensational and silly, resembling nothing in the world so much as a bit of the conversation of Mr. Alfred Jingle. "Hi, Bismarck! Hi, Kaiser! —*Redintegratio Amoris*—'Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest?'—A sword of honour and a salvo of artillery —The 'nation in arms' *versus* the 'nation in eloquence'—'*Spectemur agendo*' —'*Er lebe hoch!*'—Hurrah!"—what a wild-eyed, drunken sort of heading is this for a chapter of history! While we are carping, too, we must mention the absurd passage in which Mr. Lowe compares the Duke of Edinburgh with Von Moltke, and implies (p. 140) that the German nation gained as much in his accession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg as it lost in Moltke's death! Really, Mr. Lowe must be as lacking in the sense of humour as the Kaiser himself. The book contains a portrait of the Emperor and one of the Empress, both from photographs taken in London.

A VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY. Selections illustrating the editor's critical review of British poetry in the reign of Victoria. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman. With brief biographies of the authors quoted, frontispiece portrait of Queen Victoria, and a vignette of the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.

Few writers are so well equipped by past training and experience to prepare an anthology of Victorian poetry as Mr. Stedman. His *Victorian Poets* has become a standard work both in England and America, and it is natural that in availing himself of the wide range and richness of this field of poetry, he should follow closely his original scheme, so that this volume forms a companion to his critical work, furnishing examples which illustrate his views and estimates of the poetry of the last sixty years. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Stedman has bestowed the most conscientious care in the making of this anthology, and that he has shown an excellent taste and an admirable tact in his choice of representative poems.

One is tempted when an anthology comes into his hands to look for his favourite poems, and too often judgment is meted out to the editor, not on the score of fairness, but largely through mere prejudice. Every lover of poetry has his best-loved poems, and while it is possible for an editor to make such a selection of universally liked poems as would enable him to steer clear of the Scylla and Charybdis of personal predilection or prejudice, he would not be human did he not (according to the critic) make some mistakes. For example, on turning to the name of Eugene Lee-Hamilton, we felt a flush of pleasure when we saw that the sonnet, "A Flight from Glory," had been included. This sonnet, which we quote entire (from *Sonnets of the Wingless Hours*), is, by its nobility of thought, daring imagination, and consummate art, worthy of immortality and of companionship with Blanco White's one sonnet:

"Once, from the parapet of gems and glow,
An Angel said: 'O God! the heart grows cold
On these eternal battlements of gold,
Where all is pure, but cold as virgin snow.

"'Here sobs are never heard; no salt tears flow;
Here there are none to help, nor sick nor old;
No wrong to fight, no justice to uphold:
Grant me thy leave to live man's life below.'

"'And then annihilation?' God replied.
'Yes,' said the Angel, 'even that dread price;
For earthly tears are worth eternal night.'
'Then go,' said God. The Angel opened wide
His dazzling wings, gazed back on Heaven thrice
And plunged forever from the walls of Light."

But on referring to the cluster of poems under the head of Robert Louis Stevenson, we were disappointed not to find the incomparable lines in which he describes the youthful walks in the midsummer dark, in "midnights worth many a noon"—

"Ane went hame wi' the ither, an' then
The ither went hame wi' the ither twa men,
An' baith wad return him the service again,
And the mune was shinin' clearly.

"Now Davie was first to get sleep in his head,
'The best of frien's maun twine,' he said,
'I'm weariet, so here I'm awa to my bed.'
And the mune was shinin' clearly!

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"Twa o' them walkin' and crackin' their lane,
The mornin' licht cam' grey and plain,
And the birdies yammert on stick and stane,
And the mune was shinin' clearly!

"O years ayont, O years awa,
My lads, ye'll mind whate'er befa',
My lads, ye'll mind on the bield o' the law,
When the mune was shinin' clearly."

The volume is a bulky one, being printed on good paper and in clear type; but for those who would like to have the work in two convenient volumes, and are willing to pay the price, there is a large-paper edition, limited to 250 copies, to be had at $10 net.

SONGS AND OTHER VERSES. By Dollie Radford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

Mrs. Radford's verses are informed with a gentle spirit of complete faith and tenderness. You feel that she is in her proper attitude to life when she is inditing pretty versicles of timorous hope and joy and fear and regret. There is never an inordinate touch of passion in these little lyrics. They are far from the great highways, and wander pleasantly through the lanes and meadows of human experience. The genius is domestic; it sits by the fire, and regards the past with tender and submissive regret, the present with amiable joy, and the future with a wistful wonder. The air and attitude are that of a child, or that of a woman, if you like. The storms blow over Mrs. Radford's head; we are in a pretty Arcadia, when we read her verses, where the passions have faded into quiet shadows which are likely to do no one any harm. There we may be as full of dim sentiments as we please, and extract a sweet content out of all our mild emotions. Aspirations become guileless and desires innocent; witness these pretty verses:

"Because I built my nest so high,
Must I despair
If a fierce wind, with bitter cry,
Passes the lower branches by,
And mine makes bare?

"Because I hung it, in my pride,
So near the skies,
Higher than other nests abide,
Must I lament if far and wide
It scattered lies?

"I shall not build and build my best,
Till, safety won,
I hang aloft my new-made nest,
High as of old, and see it rest
As near the sun."

In this pacific house of dolls we may look for no rude violence. For anything save sweetness you may search Mrs. Radford's verses in vain, though the stanzas entitled "To a Stranger" have a deeper sense in parts.

TWO YEARS ON THE ALABAMA. By Arthur Sinclair. Boston: Lee & Shepard. $3.00.

This handsome volume of 344 pages and 32 illustrations is a very entertaining account of the cruise of the famous Confederate privateer from the time when she slipped out of the Mersey in July, 1862, to the day when she was sent to the bottom by the guns of the *Kearsarge*. The author, the son of a Commander in the United States Navy who resigned in 1861 to support the Confederacy, was a lieutenant on the *Alabama* during the whole period of her depredations, and tells the story in a much more optimistic spirit than other chroniclers who have depicted her crew as insubordinate ruffians, and the life on board of her as at times something like a floating hell. Mr. Sinclair notes the various ships captured, the manner in which the confiscated cargoes of silks, pianos, bric-à-brac, and merchandise were invariably scattered to the waves, and how the ships themselves were frequently given to the flames; but he also tells of the consideration with which the *Alabama's* prisoners were treated; how their private property was never taken from them; how the privateer's officers gave up their cabins to any ladies taken from the prizes; and how captors and captives drank champagne, chatted, and flirted just as though the war were but a fiction. It is curious to note that, although the English Government was more strictly neutral than the French, the *Alabama* always got the warmest reception in the English ports, and the most wary and non-committal treatment in the ports belonging to France. Mr. Sinclair's narrative is told with no pretension to literary style; but it is an instructive and thorougly readable version of a very famous chapter of the Civil War.

BATTLES OF ENGLISH HISTORY. By Hereford B. George. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.00.

This is a book with a meaning and a purpose. The subject, as barely de-

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scribed in the title, would be congenial and easy to the mere compiler; a hundred might take it, and none of us be much the wiser for their lazily or laboriously borrowed repetition of old facts. But Mr. George has seen a real gap in our more accessible historical books. Historians, as a rule, are not interested in military details, and they omit them, or blunder, or speak of them vaguely. Military works, on the other hand, are too technical. He has tried to explain clearly and accurately for civilian readers what he thinks should be part of an ordinary liberal education. Not that he considers battles the most important incidents in history. But they have been important; over and over again their issue depended on their having been fought in this or that way, under such and such conditions; and he has no doubt that definite knowledge on the deciding circumstances will be found interesting. By his clear, orderly narrative and his plans he has made it so; and on reading his recital from the battle of Hastings to the Indian Mutiny, we find point being continually given to patriotic triumph, or to the longing that some lost field had been ruled otherwise—

"From fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockburn."

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A new and cheaper edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's *Imagination in Landscape* ($2.00), issued by the Messrs. Roberts, who publish his works in this country, is welcome. Nothing could be better said of this book than what the *Athenæum* said of the original edition: "Except the author of *Modern Painters*, no one has a better right to deal with the noble and difficult subject indicated by the title of this work than Mr. Hamerton." There are some fine illustrations. The less-known stories of the author of *Our Village* have been collected and published by the Messrs. Macmillan in their Cranford Series ($2.00). *Country Stories*, by Mary Russell Mitford, is distinguished by the same pleasant humour, grace of style, and keen love of country life which have made *Our Village* an English classic. The sketches are happily illustrated from pen-and-ink drawings by George Morrow.

Under the Old Elms contains some interesting pages of personal recollections of celebrated visitors who foregathered from time to time under the hospitable and historic roof of Governor and Mrs. Claflin at Newtonville, Mass. As might be expected, the gleanings are not important, and will add nothing to the permanency of the names Mrs. Claflin conjures with, but it is pleasant to breathe the literary atmosphere created by one who enjoyed an intimacy with Dr. Samuel F. Smith, Charles Sumner, James Freeman Clarke, Henry Ward Beecher, and his sister, the author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. A chapter is given up to the description of the celebration which was given to the latter on her seventieth birthday in 1882, "under the old elms," and now that the author of *America* is gone, we read the following with melancholy interest: "Dear Dr. Smith! Of all those of his generation who used to tread the paths under 'The Old Elms,' he alone is left." The book is tastefully bound and printed. Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company are the publishers; the price is $1.00.——From the same firm we have *Sunshine for Shut-ins*, compiled by a "shut-in." There is a passage of prose or verse for each day of the year. To the same order belongs *A Daily Staff for Life's Pathway*, published by the Messrs. Stokes in white and gold binding with full gilt edges (price, $1.25). *A Garden of Pleasure* (Roberts Brothers, $2.00) and *Broken Notes from a Grey Nunnery*, by Mrs. J. S. Hallock (Lee and Shepard, $1.25), are also year-books, but on the principle that "who loves a garden, still his Eden keeps," and consist of rambling reveries and reflections on Nature and on Nature's God. Both are illustrated. Messrs. Roberts Brothers continue the issue of Balzac's novels through the medium of Miss Wormeley's excellent translation with *A Daughter of Eve* (price, $1.50); also we have another volume from the Messrs. Macmillan, adding *Hereward the Wake* (75 cents) to their fine new series of Charles Kingsley's novels. *Othello* is the latest volume of the Temple Shakespeare (price, 45 cents per volume), being issued by the same firm.——Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company have made a selection of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's *Later Lyrics* (price, $1.00), and have given them a tasteful setting in a dainty

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form.——*Lyrics and Ballads of Heine* and other German poets before going into a second edition was revised and enlarged, and comes from the Knickerbocker Press in a binding of delicate white, pale green, and gold.

Messrs. Macmillan and Company have given publication to a volume of sermons of unusual charm and force in the late Professor Jowett's *College Sermons* ($2.00), edited by his friend, Dean Fremantle. The style is direct and simple, but the late Master of Balliol knew how to reach the understanding and the heart. He is especially felicitous and suggestive in treating such themes as "Youth and Religion," "The Joys and Aspirations of Youth," "Study," "Conversation," "Success and Failure," and "The Completion of a Life's Work." This is one of the few books of sermons one can well afford to lay up for the use of a lifetime. A volume composed principally of memorial sermons is promised for a future occasion. This we should believe will be well received. ——*Thoughts from the Writings of Richard Jefferies* is a beautiful little book, published by the Messrs. Longmans, which deserves a wide circulation, and which it is hoped will induce many readers to study Jefferies's entire works. It is printed in red and black and delicately bound. Price, $1.25.

Messrs. Stone and Kimball continue their fine limited edition of English classics with Southey's *English Seamen* and Walton's *Lives*. We have already called attention to the laudable ambition which has moved this firm to produce excellent examples of model bookmaking in these volumes, and gladly do so again. The price is remarkably low, and can scarce do more than cover the cost of production. Price, $1.25 per volume.——A volume of essays by the late Walter Pater has been gathered together by Mr. Charles L. Shadwell, who makes his preface valuable by subjoining a chronological list of Pater's published writings. We note an interesting fact, that a period of five years was given up to the composition of *Marius the Epicurean*, which is considered to be the most highly finished of all his works, and the expression of his deepest thought. *Miscellaneous Studies*, published by the Macmillans uniform with the previous volumes, contains, among other papers, notably "Prosper Mérimée," "Raphael," "Pascal," and "The Child in the House." Price, $1.75.——The editor of the New York *Observer*, while seeking summer days in the West Indies during the winter months, used his eyes to good advantage, and has written a book about it all. Readers of *Across Russia* and *Beyond the Rockies* need no lengthy introduction to Mr. Stoddard's entertaining and informing papers in his new book, *Cruising among the Caribees*. Quite a number of full-page illustrations, very well executed, accompany the text, and the Messrs. Scribner, who publish the book, have given it a presentable appearance. The price is $1.50.——Another book of travel and observation of strange men and manners is that furnished by the Messrs. Harper in Miss Woolson's *Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu*. There are some vivid descriptions in these pages, much that is amusing and fresh in the material collected here, and the blending of illustrations and text go happily together to make an unusually picturesque book. Although these papers appeared at intervals in *Harper's Magazine*, they present quite a new appearance in book form, as they were not only largely rewritten, but considerably added to. "At Mentone" made its initial appearance as far back as 1884; this sketch, by the way, is in the form of a novel, but is really a record of travel. Price, $1.75. The Harpers have also collected the unequal but not uninteresting Italian stories which were written by Miss Woolson for the *Atlantic* and *Harper's*, and have published them in two volumes—namely, *The Front Yard and Other Stories* and *Dorothy and Other Stories;* price, $1.25 per volume.

A Guide to the Paintings of Venice, by Karl Karolfy, will be an indispensable handbook to many art students. It contains an historical and critical account of all the pictures in Venice, with quotations from the best authorities, and also furnishes brief biographies of the Venetian masters. It is issued by the Macmillans, and the price is $1.50.

In *Inmates of My House and Garden* (Macmillan and Company, $1.50) Mrs. Brightwen evinces a keen eye for the beauties of nature and a heart brimful of sympathy for all dumb creatures. This and a ready pen have enabled her to contribute to "popular science" an entertaining collection of essays about

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things that we all have seen, but have not observed critically, or studied for pleasure or profit. She describes the habits of lemurs, squirrels, owls, wrens, tortoises, insect and plant life, and also imparts much good counsel by the way. There is an appeal for more interest in nature. The suggestions as to methods of study are trite but helpful to youthful readers, and it is to them that the book will prove especially attractive. There is an apparent effort to avoid heaviness in style, and to be scientifically exact without obscurity.—*The Life of John Livingston Nevius*, by Helen S. Coan Nevius, has just been published by the Fleming H. Revell Company ($2.00). Mr. Nevius was for forty years a missionary in China, and this book is dedicated to his memory by his widow, who is the author of the work. It is a notable contribution to missionary literature, and no more authentic record of missionary experience in that country is extant. Mrs. Nevius was constantly with her husband, and thus had excellent opportunities to observe her husband's work among the people. The volume comes at an opportune time. Those who wish to get a clear idea of the missionary situation in China will probably find what they seek in Mrs. Coan Nevius's work better than in any other work of recent date.

Messrs. Boericke and Tafel, of Philadelphia, publish a very complete *Life of Hahnemann*, written by Dr. T. L. Bradford, which is of much interest even to those who are not especially concerned in medical matters. The history of the processes on which Hahnemann finally established his system, the narrative of his long and finally triumphant struggle against prejudice and tradition, and the personal details of his singularly pure and upright life make excellent reading. To those who are interested in the history of medicine the book particularly commends itself, whether they be disciples of Hahnemann's school or not; for it is difficult now to deny that the rise of homœopathy has exercised a very powerful influence upon the other school, as well as upon the medical art in general, doing away with the kill-or-cure treatment that was once the rule, and stimulating the scientific development of preventive medicine. Price, in cloth, $2.50; in half morocco, $3.50.

Blue and Gold is the title of a small volume of verses by Mr. William S. Lord, printed at the Dial Press, Chicago. The edition is limited to 150 copies, each of which, we believe, costs $2.40. A printed slip which accompanies the book informs us that many have already been sold, which is evidence that the author has a goodly supply of devoted friends; for we hardly think that love of poetry would lead any one to become a purchaser. An equally admirable anthology could be easily gathered from the back files of any country newspaper that allows the local poet to cavort in its columns. Of much greater merit is the dainty little volume by Fanny H. Runnells Poole, entitled *A Bank of Violets*, published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. In it are many passages that unite a delicate fancy with graceful expression. In Mr. Louis M. Elshemus's *Moods of a Soul* we cannot find anything that we can conscientiously commend. If the author is not a foreigner, he is, at any rate, unacquainted with some of the most elementary metrical rules of English verse, and there are indications of equal unfamiliarity with the nicer distinctions of the English language. This book is published in an edition limited to 600 copies, by Charles Wells Moulton, of Buffalo. From the same city comes *Thoughts in Verse*, by Mr. Clifford Howard, published by the Peter Paul Book Company. Its lines show a good deal of technical finish despite an excessive use of syncopation in such frequent forms as "t'ward," "flick'ring," "ev'ry," "inex'rable," "whisp'ring," and "falt'ring." There are many pleasant little fancies embodied in Mr. Howard's pages, and occasionally a striking melody. One of his adjectives, however—"aphroditic"—he should hereafter eschew as being incorrectly formed.

The Messrs. Appleton send us Mr. Grinnell's well-written *Story of the Indian*, in their Story of the West Series, illustrated with a number of photogravures. It is an account of the manners, customs, and habitat of the American Indian to-day, with a number of stories gathered by the author from the Indians themselves. The price is $1.50.

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SOME HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

The choicest holiday book of the season is assuredly *The Comedies of William Shakespeare*, which is made invaluable by the series of drawings it contains from the pencil of Mr. Edwin A. Abbey. There are 131 full-page photogravures; the size is large octavo, and the work is in four volumes, printed on beautiful paper, with deckel edges, gilt tops, and elegantly bound in half cloth. It is the most sumptuous, as it is the most expensive—but not expensive in proportion to its worth—of all the festive books that make this season gay and glad with their beauteous handiwork. Published by the Messrs. Harper; price, $30.00. From the same house comes Mr. Alfred Parsons's *Notes in Japan*, which many, who have followed its appearance in *Harper's*, will wish to possess in book form, and to those who missed these exquisite studies of mountain and temple and of an interesting humanity we commend the work for its intrinsic value, begotten of the moment's need, as well as for its exterior and artistic beauty. Price, $3.00.

Old-World Japan: Legends of the Land of the Gods, retold by Frank Rinder, and finely illustrated by T. H. Robinson, comes in a gorgeous cover of flaming cherry-red and gold, inside and out; and with an ancient mistiness and charm of legendary lore in its pages which brings refreshing to the reader surfeited with the mighty matter published about modern Japan. The tales contained in this volume have been selected with a view rather to their beauty and charm of incident and colour; and to the student and the lover of primitive romance, as also to the unwearied reader, there is a fund of singular and picturesque incident and marvel in these tales which reflect the antique texture into which Japanese life and thought has been interwoven. The book has been beautifully printed in England from the type and not from plates, and is published here by the Messrs. Macmillan; price, $2.00. Messrs. Macmillan and Company also publish *A Midsummer Night's Dream* ($2.00), printed by the Messrs. Dent of London. It is edited by Israel Gollancz, editor of the Temple Shakespeare, and has a charming introduction by him in an epistolary form. The illustrations by Robert A. Bell are full of humour and sensibility, and are well executed. Paper, print, and binding are all that could be desired.

In our December number, under this caption, we commended the new series of Charles Lever's novels which the enterprising Boston house of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have just completed. We have again the pleasure of introducing our readers to a new series of another world-famed novelist, Alexandre Dumas. This firm publishes the standard edition of Dumas's works in this country, and in response to repeated requests for an extension of the volumes already issued, they have further obliged English readers of Dumas by adding the following novels to his translated works: *Ascanio*, a romance of Francis I. and Benvenuto Cellini, in two volumes; *The War of Women*, a romance of the Fronde, two volumes; *Black, the Story of a Dog*, and *Tales* of the Caucasus, in all six volumes, with decorated cloth binding, gilt top, price, $9.00; or in plain cloth for $7.50. Each volume has a frontispiece in photogravure. A companion work to Mr. Garrett's beautiful volume of *Elizabethan Songs* comes from the press of the same firm, bound exquisitely in white cloth with an appropriate cover design, and printed on hand-made paper. Altogether *Victorian Songs* makes an acceptable holiday book, with its twenty full-page photogravures, its etched illustrations, and numerous head and tail pieces from pen-and-ink drawings. Mr. Garrett has put his heart into this work, as he did in the former volume, and the publishers have done their part with exceeding good taste and carefulness. Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes an introduction to this selection of Victorian lyrics. Price, $6.00.

Since noticing the Messrs. Stokes holiday books in our last number we have received from them Mr. Walter Besant's book on *Westminster* with 130 illustrations. Mr. Besant's preceding volume on *London*, of which the present work is a successor, was deservedly well received, and certainly few men of the present day in London have the knowl-

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edge and ability, and the sympathy with the subject which Mr. Besant possesses to make it so peculiarly fascinating and invaluable in its picturesque and informing uses. Price, $3.00.——Among Messrs. Lee and Shepard's attractions for the holidays are *Poems of the Farm*, selected and illustrated by Alfred C. Eastman, in substantial binding and printed on plate paper on one side only, as is also an elegantly furnished volume of verse and illustrations, *On Winds of Fancy Blown*, by Mary Yale Shapleigh; and *Aunt Billy and Other Sketches*, by Alyn Yates Keith ($1.25). In all three volumes there is a breezy sensation of rural culture, which is exhilarating to tired town livers; whether they will awake to the privileges offered them in these pages is an open question.

A magnificently printed and lavishly illustrated book is *Episcopal Palaces of England*, by the late Canon Venables, published by Thomas Whittaker of this city. It contains a chapter on each of ten episcopal palaces of the English dioceses, prefaced by one on Lambeth Palace, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Eight of these chapters are from the pen of Canon Venables himself, who did not live to complete the work. The other three are by distinguished ecclesiastics. There are over a hundred illustrations, the work of Mr. Alexander Ansted, besides the fine etched frontispiece depicting Lambeth. The book is a most beautiful and interesting one, and will attract equally the loyal Churchman and the student of early English architecture. The price is $6.

BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Parents who have experienced difficulty in finding books suited to children between the ages of four and six, will thank us for calling their attention to a unique publication which has just arrived from the far West. *The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill* is "a story for wee bits of tykes," by Annie Laurie, and illustrated by "Swin," who, if we mistake not, is identical with the eccentric artist who is responsible for the "inartistic aberrations" which garnish the pages of the *Lark*. Both illustrations and text are on a level with the vision and vocabulary of the wee bits of tykes, and are depicted with all the realism of child life. But the book must be seen to be appreciated; we were sorely tempted to reproduce one of the pictures, but found choice in the matter impossible. The publisher is William Doxey, of San Francisco.——For children just beyond this age and upward there are two beautiful volumes published by the Alpha Publishing Company, which commend themselves by the quality of their stories and sketches and numerous illustrations. *Little Men and Women* ($1.50) and *Babyland* ($1.00) rank among the best and most popular bound volumes which come to us annually at the holiday season.——Another bound volume, which will especially prove acceptable to boys, is *Harper's Round Table* for 1895. The name was changed from *Harper's Young People* last April, when several new features were introduced to this boy's weekly periodical, which has made it more popular than ever. *Harper's Round Table* is skilfully edited, as is manifested by the variety of topics of interest which appeal in its pages to the varied needs and tastes of boys and girls.——Mr. Thomas W. Knox, well known as the author of *The Boy Travellers*, has written a *Boy's Life of General Grant*, which should be popular. It contains a number of illustrations, and is published by the Merriam Company. Price, $1.50.

The J. B. Lippincott Company have brought out a new reprint of Mr. W. O. Stoddard's *Chumley's Post*, a story of the Pawnee trail, with several illustrations; they have also published a new story of George Manville Fenn's, entitled *The Young Castellan*, a tale of the English Civil War, with illustrations. Price, $1.50.——The Messrs. Appleton publish Mr. Hezekiah Butterworth's latest boy's story, entitled *The Knight of Liberty*, a tale of the fortunes of La Fayette. The illustrations in the book have received especial attention; the book itself is a substantial piece of manufacture. Price, $1.50.——Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company have issued *A Child of Tuscany*, another of Marguerite Bouvet's

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charming stories. The illustrations, well executed, are by Will Phillips Hooper, and the publishers have taken pains to make a beautiful book in binding, letter-press, and paper for the story of little Raffaello's fortunes in the land of Tuscany. Price, $1.50.——Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company did well to import *The Young Pretenders*, by E. H. Fowler, with its childish drollery and simplicity, its exquisite pictures against an English background so tender, so true to the life of the child world. There are twelve illustrations by Philip Burne-Jones, which are excellently drawn. We hope this bright little story will find its way into the hands of many of our young people; it is a book that will touch them with genuine feeling, which is more than can be said of most juveniles.——*Jacob and the Raven*, with other stories for children, by Frances M. Peard, is a beautifully artistic book. The type is bold and clear, and the pictures by Heywood Sumner exhibit an unusual imaginative quality in the artist; one lingers over them, and turns to them again and again, so that if 'twere but for the illustrations, one would be tempted to carry the book home.

Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks, whose many volumes for boys and girls daily increase their indebtedness to the versatility of his genius for contributing to the entertainment and necessities of young people's literature, has written a book entitled *Great Men's Sons*, in which he tells us who they were, what they did, and how they turned out, giving us a passing glimpse at the sons of the world's mightiest men from Socrates to Napoleon. Mr. Brooks is a painstaking and careful writer, and the information which he furnishes about these great men's sons may be relied upon as trustworthy. There are a number of illustrations. It is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, and the price is $1.50.——The Merriam Company have published another of Mr. Edward S. Ellis's stories for boys, entitled *A Young Conductor*, or winning his way, which is the second volume of their Through on Time Series.——*A Girl of the Commune*, by G. A. Henty, is published by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company, without illustrations. The cover has a blazing design, with a woman in red as the central figure, behind which the sun is setting in golden splendour.

AMONG THE LIBRARIES.

The École des Chartes at Paris has, this year, a course of lectures on bibliography and library administration given by M. Charles Mortet, of the Bibliothèque Sainte-Genevieve.

A similar course on the administration of Archives is given by M. Desjardins, Chief of the Bureau of Archives of the Department of Instruction.

The work of publishing catalogues of the manuscripts on the European libraries is steadily going on. A recent addition in this field is Martini, *Catalogo di manoscritti grechi esistente nelle biblioteche italiane*, of which Vol. I. has just been completed (Milan: Hoepli).

A new library building is in course of erection for the University of Graz. The corner-stone was laid on June 4th of this year, and a Festschrift issued in celebration of the event.

The University of Freiburg also has in prospect a new library building.

As is generally known, the matter of printing a catalogue of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris has been long considered and practically decided upon. A specimen of such a catalogue is given in a recent number of the *Bulletin* of the library, comprising the name Aristotle, in 48 pages and 741 entries.

Mr. Ellsworth Totten, librarian of the Union League Club, is about to retire on account of continued and serious ill health. Mr. Totten has been in this library for the past fifteen years, and it is to be hoped that his faithful service will not be lost sight of by the authorities of the Union League. Mr. W. B. Childs, who was for some time an assistant in the library of Columbia College, has been engaged, for the present, as librarian.

Mr. George W. Cole, librarian of the public library at Jersey City, has resigned on account of ill health. Mr. Cole has been at the head of the library since its foundation in 1888, and his ad-

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ministration has been successful. Mr. Cole was for years treasurer of the American Library Association, and has been president of the New York Library Club.

The library of the Leland Stanford, Jr., University seems to be in a state of repose, as it suffers, in common with the rest of the institution, from the pending suit against the Stanford estate. Its librarian, Mr. Woodruf, is on an extended leave of absence, studying at Cornell and in New York. The library has recently issued a catalogue of its collection of railroad books, which is one of the richest in existence and numbers about four thousand titles.

Dr. K. Pietsch, who has been for the past five years in the Newberry Library, has accepted a call as Instructor of the Romance Languages in the Chicago University.

Columbia College Library has added during the past three months, since September 1st, 8554 volumes. It has just received over two thousand bound dissertations on subjects in the literature and philology of the English and the Romance languages.

The gift of $10,000 by Mr. Samuel P. Avery, of New York, to increase the endowment of the Avery Architectural Library in Columbia College Library, has just been made public by the Trustees. The Catalogue of the Avery Library, a volume of 1150 pages, is being bound by Mathews, and will be ready for distribution shortly.

The scholars of Germany are contrasting the public spirit and interest of the Prussian Government of to-day in matters of literature and science with the enterprise of Frederick the Great 125 years ago. The building of the Royal Library of Berlin has for a long time been entirely inadequate for the storage of that magnificent collection. As now surrounded by other structures, it is also far from secure against fire. All attempts to obtain from the Government the means for a new library have thus far been ineffectual. The five milliards from France were appropriated for other purposes, and the national library of Germany has no present prospect of a suitable home. The building now occupied was projected by Frederick the Great shortly after the Seven Years' War, when the little kingdom of Prussia was exhausted by the ravages and exertions of that struggle. Yet, despite the great poverty of the State, in 1774 the building was begun, and completed in 1780. The third library in importance in the world certainly deserves better at the hands of the German people and State, the race which claims to lead in scholarship and the ideal interests of humanity.

Quintus Icilius, a favourite of Frederick, half pedant, half court jester, is said to have been the author of the well-known motto on the Berlin library, "Nutrimentum Spiritus." Frederick intended this to mean, and the wise translate it, "Food of the Spirit or Soul!" but the translation of the common people in Berlin is "Spirit (or alcohol) is food."

The American Library Association is working up plans to hold its annual meeting in 1897 in Europe, combining with it a two months' trip. Already more than a hundred persons have signified their intention of taking the trip.

Active efforts are being made to repair the loss occasioned by the recent fire in the library of the University of Virginia. By this disaster a large part of the contents of the library was destroyed. A gentleman in New York is said to have given $25,000 to renew the library. The Trustees of Columbia College have voted to make a gift of books from the duplicate collection of Columbia Library.

Mr. H. Carrington Bolton, in a letter to the *Nation*, dissents from the policy which has, for example, so elaborately decorated the Boston Public Library that it has become a showplace overrun by tourists and art amateurs, to the serious detriment of readers and investigators. He fears that when all the Abbeys, and Sargents, and Whistlers are in their places, as projected, the readers may as well abandon the building to the sightseers.

A new library building, to cost $50,000, is in process of erection for the Ohio Wesleyan University. It is to have a capacity of 175,000 volumes, with seminar rooms and a lecture room.

The corner-stone of the new library given by President Low to Columbia College was laid without formal ceremonies on December 7th. The building will be completed next year.

The trustees of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, have organized, by the election of Mr. John Bigelow as President of the

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Board ; Mr. George L. Rives as Secretary, and Mr. Edward King as Treasurer.

There is being established in New York a Criminal Law Library, for which rooms have been set apart in the new Criminal Courts Building. Colonel Fellows, District Attorney of New York, has given his library of 2000 volumes as a nucleus, and funds are in hand which will enable a good beginning to be made. This is, perhaps, the first library devoted to criminal law in this country. If it should have the effect of elevating and improving the criminal procedure in this city and bring the administration of justice in our higher and lower courts to something like the propriety and dignity befitting such institutions, it will be one of the most important libraries of the city.

It is perhaps not too late to mention the breaking of ground for the proposed library of the University of the City of New York on its new site. This took place with due ceremony on October 19th. It is planned to erect a building capable of holding a million volumes. Whether New York City needs an addition to the large libraries for scholars already in active course of creaction, the New York Public Library and the Library of Columbia College, is questionable. It would seem that one great library devoted to the general public, like the projected new Public Library, and one library devoted to university research, like that of Columbia, would be as much as New York City will either be able to realise or need. The energy and lofty ambition of the authorities of the New York University are worthy of all commendation.

The New York Free Circulating Library has caught the craze of library instruction, and has a series of classes devoted to cataloguing and other library work. If the institutions which organise and carry on classes for instructing young women in library work were obliged to give bonds to find them employment at the end of their course of study the sympathies of librarians would not so often be called out in behalf of women with a few rudiments of library work anxious for positions which unfortunately do not exist.

The Boston Public Library has recently issued a new edition of its *Handbook*, which gives some illustrations of the new building. A noticeable feature of the administration of the Boston Public Library at present is the great liberality with which readers are admitted to special reading-room and special collections without credentials or special permission. While much has been written and done in the direction of freely admitting readers to library shelves, perhaps no great public library has ever been so free in its policy as the Boston Public Library is now trying to be. This is in marked contrast to the policy pursued in the old building, where all persons except the library employés were zealously excluded from the shelves.

The Carnegie Library, at Pittsburg, which was dedicated on November 5th, probably deserves the wide advertising which it has enjoyed in the public press. The building is certainly a handsome one, and it is to be hoped it will be found, in use, as practically convenient as it is described to be beautiful in architectural appearance. Mr. Carnegie's benefactions must, in general, have the credit of being practically useful in the form in which he has made them.

In England the subordinate employés in the several libraries have formed an independent organisation, which they call the Library Assistants' Association, which is distinct in its membership and aims from the Library Association of the United Kingdom. This latter organisation, then, would appear to be reserved for the heads of libraries or the higher officials. Unless the library assistants were unkindly snubbed by their official superiors and debarred from membership in the older association, the formation of an independent society for the lower officials in libraries would seem to be an unwise step. In this country the younger employés in libraries find their membership in the American Library Association valuable for two things : first, for the instruction and hints they gather in the meetings of the Association ; and second, because the Association gives them an opportunity to become acquainted with heads of libraries and to make themselves better known to these persons.

The Library Association of the United Kingdom, the regular organisation of librarians in Great Britain, has just held its eighteenth annual meeting. A comparison of the subjects of the papers and the discourses, which occupied the time of the meeting, with those of the earlier

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meetings show that while fifteen years ago the librarians of Great Britain read papers on literary history, bibliography, and the contents of their libraries, they have now adopted the policy of the American Library Association, which talks of nothing but the administration and technical work of libraries, including cataloguing, or of the history and progress of library movements. On the Continent, however, the periodicals devoted to libraries are still chiefly filled up with bibliographical and literary studies usually far removed from the real life of to-day.

Mr. W. F. Stevens, of the Railroad Men's Library, is the president, for the present year, of the New York Library Club, and its secretary is Miss Josephine A. Rathbone, of the Pratt Institute Library. Its first meeting of the season was held at the Mercantile Library.

George H. Baker.

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, December 1, 1895.

The month's business opened rather quietly, but immediately after Election Day a decided improvement set in. The new books, especially in fiction, have been well received, but the most popular among them have unquestionably been the 16mo editions of Handy Classics, some of the publishers having run out of many titles on their lists.

New holiday books and editions continue to be issued, the latest of these being *Victorian Songs*, by Edmund D. Garrett, Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor, and *Sacred and Legendary Art*, by Mrs. Jameson.

Works of travel have been numerous among the season's output, and include: *Mentone, Cairo and Corfu*, by Constance Fenimore Woolson; *From the Black Sea through Persia and India*, by Edwin Lord Weeks; *Rambles in Japan*, by Canon Tristram, and *Cruising among the Caribbees*, by Charles A. Stoddard.

The new fad of collecting posters has brought out two handsomely illustrated books on this subject entitled *Picture Posters*, by Charles Hiatt, and *The Modern Poster*. The latter is accompanied by a numbered poster of artistic design.

Some very handsome specimens of the bookmakers' art are among the holiday productions, *The Abbey Shakespeare*, *La Chartreuse de Parme*, by Henri Beyle, and the *édition de luxe* of *The Manxman* being fine examples.

The increased number of illustrations now issued by some of the publishers in their new books is remarkable, and while these of necessity add somewhat to the price, they enhance their attractiveness so as more than to pay for their cost by the increased sale they create.

The great number of publications issued still continues to be a feature of the season; duplication of titles is frequent, and it is becoming a matter of speculation as to whether the public will be able to use sufficient quantities to pay for the making in many instances.

Perhaps the three most prominent and saleable books of the month have been *The Red Cockade*, by Stanley J. Weyman; *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling, and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne*, by Ian Maclaren; but these have been closely followed by *Casa Braccio*, by F. Marion Crawford; *The Sorrows of Satan*, by Marie Corelli; and *Frivolous Cupid*, by Anthony Hope. In addition, several other new novels are having a good sale.

Outside of fiction we find among the recent books in demand *Gathering Clouds*, by F. W. Farrar; *Letters by Matthew Arnold* and *Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth W. Latimer.

The recent death of Eugene Field has created a fresh demand for his works, *A Little Book of Western Verse* being most called for.

Trade, on the whole, for the month can only be said to be fair, for while many recent books are selling well, re-orders for books purchased plentifully early in the season are light, and reports of slow sales up to date are frequent.

A large proportion of the following list of best-selling books will be seen to consist of new books issued during the past month.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.50.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25

Casa Braccio. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. $2.00.

Frivolous Cupid. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Village Watch-Tower. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. $1.00.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Aftermath. By James Lane Allen. $1.50.

The Wise Woman. By Clara Louise Burnham. $1.25.

Fort Frayne. By Captain Charles King. $1.25.

The Princess Sonia. By Julia Magruder. $1.50.

The Art of Living. By Robert Grant. $2.50

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WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, December 1, 1895.

Trade fluctuated very much during November, and the month was in many respects disappointing. During the first half of the month business was sluggish. A temporary contraction, however, is always experienced during the early days of November, and trade usually expands again as the month advances. This year's experience proved no exception to the rule, for the last two weeks were fairly active, country orders especially being very good. It would seem from the way country buyers are ordering that they expect holiday business will be confined principally to recent literature, such as the best novels, notable books of travel, history, and biography. It is noticeable that each year sees the lines of demarcation between what are known as holiday books and books which are considered suitable for all seasons of the year drawing closer, and it would seem that one may safely predict that within a very short while the old-time holidays books will entirely disappear. Not much can be said at present about what are likely to be the favourite books this Christmas, for with the exception of juveniles and the new and popular books of the hour there is little evidence of preference.

The November output of new books was a very generous one, and many books appeared which may be expected to sell largely throughout the holiday season. Foremost among the great leaders in fiction were Ian Maclaren's *Days of Auld Lang Syne*, another volume of his incomparable Drumtochty sketches; *Casa Braccio*, by Marion Crawford; *Jude the Obscure*, by Thomas Hardy; *The Red Cockade*, by Stanley Weyman. Marie Corelli's *Sorrows of Satan*; *The Amazing Marriage*, by George Meredith; *Slain by the Doones*, by R. D. Blackmore, and *The Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. New juveniles were well represented, the most notable being *A Child of Tuscany*, by Marguerite Bouvet. Most of the choice books, which are prepared especially for the holidays, are now stocked, and, perhaps, the most *recherchés* of them all are the Abbey edition of *Shakespeare's Comedies*, in four volumes; Joseph Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, containing the text of the play as acted by Mr. Jefferson, and *Victorian Songs*, collected and illustrated by Edmund H. Garrett. Other important books of permanent as well as of holiday interest are the Buckthorne edition of Irving's *Tales of a Traveller* and *Constantinople*, by Edwin A. Grosvenor.

As might be expected, the untimely death of Eugene Field increased the sales of his books; in fact, the demand has been such that neither the booksellers nor his publishers have been able to keep pace with it. While his *Little Book of Western Verse* has sold better in actual quantity than any of his other books, there has been a remarkable call for his two books of child verse, *With Trumpet and Drum*, and *Love Songs of Childhood*.

One of the most interesting of the recent books, and one that is meeting with much success, is Ward Hill Lamon's *Recollections of Abraham Lincoln from* 1844 *to* 1865. There are many biographies of Lincoln to choose from, those most inquired for at present being Arnold's *Life of Lincoln*, perhaps the best one-volume life yet published, and the two-volume works by Herndon and Weik and John T. Morse, Jr.

Most of the old favourites sold well last month, especially *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Other books that had a remarkable sale were *The Bachelor's Christmas*, by Robert Grant; *A Singular Life*, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; *Rhymes of Our Planet*, by Will Carleton; *Barabbas*, by Marie Corelli; *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*, by Gilbert Parker, and *Pony Tracks*, by Frederic Remington. It is pleasant to record, too, that Robert Louis Stevenson's books are still selling largely. The demand for the *Chimmie Fadden* books is now not more than ordinary, and the craze for books on the silver question has entirely subsided.

The following is a list of the books which sold best during November:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Second Jungle Book. By Rudyard Kipling. $1.25.

The Red Cockade. By Stanley J. Weyman. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Brush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Jude the Obscure. By Thomas Hardy. $1.75.

Casa Braccio. 2 vols. By F. Marion Crawford. $2 00.

Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. $1.50.

A Child of Tuscany. By Marguerite Bouvet. $1.50.

Europe in Africa in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth W. Latimer. $2.50.

Slain by the Doones. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

The Bachelors' Christmas. By Robert Grant. $1.50.

A Gentleman Vagabond. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, October 21 to November 23, 1895.

The autumn trade has been satisfactory as a whole, and booksellers are buying more freely in anticipation of an improved Christmas business. On all hands the publishers are offering excellent value. Bookselling, from the nature of the calling, certainly deserves to be more profitable than it is. Various attempts are made from time to time to improve its status, but so far the spirit of underselling has been too strong for permanent good to be effected.

Foreign and colonial trade (the latter especially) has considerably improved since our last writing.

The three-volume novel question still crops up at intervals. Of course it must be better for booksellers if novels in one volume are *bought* instead of being *borrowed* from libraries. Hence the action of some of the last-named institutions in this matter is paradoxical, to say the least of it. Miss Braddon's opinion of the question, recently published in the *Westminster Gazette*, is well worth reading.

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The literature of Natural History continues to receive many valuable additions, which find a ready sale for their class.

Many translations of Continental works are being issued, and it is noticeable that by far the greater number are translated by ladies.

The output of new books and new editions shows no sign of abatement, and their number is slightly in excess of last month. One naturally asks, How many will live, even for the present season?

Just now fairy tales constitute the principal item in the new books brought out for children. Ireland and Thibet, Japan and North America—in short, the entire globe—have been ransacked to meet the demand, as old possibly as the world, for "something new."

The trade are very busy with Christmas numbers and annuals, many tons of which are being distributed. The labour involved, in proportion to the return, is enormous. In some instances three quarters of a hundredweight has to be dealt with for a sovereign or so.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne, The Men of the Moss-Hags, and *Trilby* are the three leading books. The latter continues to be in demand as freely as ever. Its sale is unprecedented.

Large-paper editions of illustrated and other books have had their day, there being little inquiry for them.

The list of leading books requires little comment. Theology is by no means neglected, but the sale of most works of this class is comparatively limited. The remainder of the list speaks for itself, but the order of the titles has no significance:

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.

The Sorrows of Satan. By M. Corelli. 6s.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By A. Hope. 6s.

Trilby. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

Peter Ibbetson. By G. Du Maurier. 6s.

Jude the Obscure. By T. Hardy. 6s.

From the Memoirs of a Minister of France. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.

Corruption. By Percy White. 6s.

Scylla or Charybdis. By R. Broughton. 6s.

The One Who Looked On. By F. F. Montrésor. 3s. 6d.

All Men are Liars. By J. Hocking. 3s. 6d.

Cheer! Boys, Cheer! By C. Russell. 3s. 6d.

The Woman Who Did. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d. net.

The British Barbarians. By Grant Allen 3s. 6d. net.

A Matter of Skill. By B. Whitby. 3s. 6d.

The Desire of the Eyes. By Grant Allen. 3s. 6d.

The Vailima Letters. By R. L. Stevenson. 7s. 6d.

A Knight of the White Cross. By G. A. Henty. 6s.

Through Russian Snows. By G. A. Henty. 5s.

The Carbonels. By C. M. Yonge. 3s. 6d

College Sermons. By B. Jowett. 7s. 6d.

The Teaching of Jesus. By R. F. Horton. 3s. 6d.

The Gurneys of Earlham. By A. J. C. Hare. 2 vols. 25s.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between Novembe. 1 and December 1, 1895.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Little Rivers. By Henry Van Dyke. $2.00. (Scribner's.)
3. Vailima Letters. By R. L. Stevenson. $2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner's.)
5. Slain by the Doones. By R. D. Blackmore. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. The Other Wise Man. By Henry Van Dyke. $1.50. (Harper.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
2. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
3. Lilith. By Macdonald. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. 75 cts. (Holt.)
5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Heart of Life. By Mallock. $1.50. (Putnams.)
3. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)
5. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Men of the Moss-Hags. By Crockett. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Golden Age. By Graham. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
3. When Valmond Came to Pontiac. By Parker. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
4. Daughter of the Tenements. By Townsend. $1.75. (Lovell, Coryell.)

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5. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Gentleman Vagabond. By Hopkinson Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Vailima Letters. By Stevenson. $2.25. (Stone & Kimball.)
6. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

1. Aftermath. By Allen. $1.00. (Harper.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd Mead & Co.)
3. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribners.)
5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. The Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
5. A Gentleman Vagabond. By Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Bernicia. By Mrs. Barr. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

DES MOINES, IA.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co)
4. The Wise Woman By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
6. The Golden Age. By Grahame. $1.25. (Stone & Kimball.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Beatrix. By Balzac. $1.50. (Roberts.)
6. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.25. (Longmans.)
3. Cumberland Vendetta. By Fox. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Colonial Dames and Good Wives. By Earle. $1.50. (Houghton.)
5. College Girls. By Goodloe. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Prisoner of Zenda. By Hope. $1.00. (Holt.)

MONTREAL, CANADA.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. Lilac Sunbonnet. By Crockett. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. The Manxman. By Caine. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. Men of the Moss Hags. By Crockett. $1.00. (Macmillan.)
5. Memoirs of a Minister of France. By Weyman. $1.00. (Longmans.)
6. Tiger of Mysore. By Henty. $1.50. (Scribner.)

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Casa Braccio. By Crawford. $2.00. (Macmillan.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
4. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
5. Letters of Matthew Arnold. $3.00. (Macmillan.)
6. Gentleman Vagabond. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.25. (Houghton, Mifflin.)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
2. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott)
4. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribners.)
5. A Monk of Fife. By Lang. $1.25. (Longmans.)
6. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Village Watch-Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
3. Adventures of Captain Horn. By Stockton. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. About Paris. By Davis. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Letters of Celia Thaxter. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. My Lady Nobody. By Maartens. $1.75. (Harper.)

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ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
2. The Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
3. Village Watch-Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
4. Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Hope. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Jude the Obscure. By Hardy. $1.75. (Harper.)
6. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Bachelors' Christmas. By Grant. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Bernicia. Mrs. Barr. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. Red Cockade. By Weyman. $1.50. (Harper.)
4. Echoes from a Sabine Farm. By Field. $2.00. (Scribner.)
5. Two Little Pilgrims' Progress. By Mrs. Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
6. Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Wise Woman. By Burnham. $1.25. (Houghton.)
2. Singular Life. By Phelps. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Village Watch Tower. By Wiggin. $1.00. (Houghton.)
5. Front Yard. By Woolson. $1.25. (Harper.)
6. Fort Frayne. By King. $1.25. (Neely.)

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Literary Shrines, 2 vols. By Wolfe. $2.50. (Lippincott.)
2. Second Jungle Book. By Kipling. $1.50. (Century.)
3. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
4. Gentleman Vagabond. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Algerian Memories. By Workman. $2.00 (Randolph.)
6. Singular Life. By Phelps. $1.25. (Houghton.)

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE MONTH.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, LYMAN.—The Star of Bethlehem. 4to, pp. 213, $1.00.....McAfee

CARPENTER, W. BOYD.—The Great Charter of Christ. 12mo, pp. 300, $1. 50.....Whittaker

EYTON, R.—The Temptation of Jesus, and Other Sermons. 12mo, pp. x–162, $1.00. Randolph

LEROY-BEAULIEU, ANATOLE.—Israel Among the Nations. Translated by Francis Hellman. 12mo, pp. xxiii–385, $1.75.....Putnam

PORTER, ROSE.—Something to Remember. 16mo, pp. 120, 60 cts.....Revell

FICTION.

ALLEN, GRANT.—The British Barbarians. 16mo, pp. ii–281, $1.00.....Putnam

ALLEN, J. L.—Aftermath. Sq. 32mo, pp. iv–135, $1.00.....Harper

ARNOLD, E. L.—The Story of Ulla. 12mo, pp. vi–295, $1.25.....McClurg

BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK.—A House-Boat on the Styx. 16mo, pp. viii–171, $1.25.....Harper

BLAKE, M. M.—Courtship by Command. 16mo, pp. vi–226, 75 cts.....Appleton

BOUVET, MARGUERITE.—A Child of Tuscany. Small 4to, pp. 207, $1.50.....McClurg

CARY, ELIZABETH LUTHER.—The Land of Tawny Beasts. 8vo, pp. viii–290, $2.50.....Stokes

CORELLI, MARIE.—The Sorrows of Satan. 12mo, pp. 471, $1.50.....Lippincott

DAWSON, W. J.—London Idylls. 12mo, pp. xii–345, $1.25.....Crowell

DELAND, ELLEN DOUGLAS.—Oakleigh. 12mo, pp. vi–233, $1.25.....Harper

FORD, J. L.—Dolly Dillenbeck. 16mo, pp. vii–392, $1.00.....Richmond

FORD, HARRIET.—Me an' Methuselar, and Other Episodes. 12mo, pp. 84, $1.00
Peter Paul Book Co.

FRASER, Mrs. HUGH.—The Brown Embassador. 12mo, pp. vi–197, $1.25.....Macmillan

GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Red Spell. 16mo, pp. 192, 50 cts.....Stokes

HALL, OWEN.—The Track of a Storm. 12mo. pp. 288, $1.25.....Lippincott

HARTE, BRET.—In the Hollow of the Hills, 16mo, pp. ii–210, $1.25.....Houghton, M.

HOOD, T.—The Haunted House. 12mo, no paging, $1.50.....Stokes

HOPE, ANTHONY.—Frivolous Cupid. 16mo, pp. 223, 75 cts.....Plat, B.

JEBB, Mrs. J. GLADWYN.—Some Unconventional People. 12mo, pp. 216, $1.25.....Roberts

KIPLING, RUDYARD.—The Second Jungle Book. 12mo, pp. viii–324, $1.50.....Century Co.

LITCHFIELD, GRACE DENIO.—Mimosa Leaves. 16mo, pp. xii–112, $1.50.....Putnam

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MACKIE, JOHN.—Sinners Twain. 16mo, pp. viii–193, 75 cts.....Stokes

MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Sin-Eater, and Other Tales. 16mo, pp. viii–289, $1.00..Stone & K.

MACMAHON, ELLA.—A Pitiless Passion. 16mo, pp. iv–371, $1.25.....Macmillan

MCCLELLAND, M. G.—*Mammy Mystic.* 16mo, pp. ii–242, 75 cts.....Merriam

MEADE, L. T.—Girls New and Old. 12mo, pp. iv–348, $1.50.....Cassell Pub. Co.

MEREDITH, GR.—The Amazing Marriage. 2 vols., 12mo, pp. viii–316; viii–330, $2.50. Scribner

MERRIMAN, HENRY SETON.—The Grey Lady. 16mo, pp. vi–377, $1.25.....Macmillan

MITCHELL, J. A.—Amos Judd. 16mo, pp. iv–199, 75 cts.....Scribner

MONTRÉSOR, F. F.—The One Who Looked On. 16mo, pp. viii–215, $1.25.....Appleton

MORLEY, MARGARET W.—Life and Love. 12mo, pp. 214, $1.25.....McClurg

NORRIS, MARY HARRIOTT.—Lakewood. 12mo, pp. iii–331, $1.00.....Stokes

OLIPHANT, Mrs. M. O. W.—Old Mr. Tredgold. 12mo, pp. iv–452, $1.50.....Longmans

PORTER, ROSE.—My Son's Wife. 16mo, pp. 215, 75 cts.....Randolph

RALPH, JULIAN. Dixie; or, Southern Scenes and Sketches. Large 12mo, pp. xiv–412, $2.50. Harper

RINDER, F.—Old-World Japan. Legends of the Land of the Gods. 12mo, pp. xii–195, $2.00.....Macmillan

SANBORN, ALVIN FRANCIS.—Moody's Lodging-House, and Other Tenement Sketches. 16mo, pp. viii–175, $1.25.....Copeland & D.

SETOUN, GABRIEL.—Sunshine and Haar. 12mo, pp. vi–257, $1.25.....Harper

SHARP, W.—The Gypsy Christ, and Other Tales. 16mo, pp. viii–282, $1.00.....Stone & K.

STRAIN, E. H. A Man's Foes. 12mo, pp. xii–467, $1.25.....Ward, L.

TRAIN, ELIZABETH PHIPPS.—A Social Highwayman. 16mo, pp. iii–196, 75 cts...Lippincott

VANE, CAPEL.—The Desire of the Moth. 16mo, pp. viii–350, $1.00.....Appleton

WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—The Red Cockade. 12mo, pp. vi–394, $1.50.....Harper

WISTER, OWEN.—Red Men and White. 12mo, pp. xiv–280, $1.50.....Harper

WOOLSON, CONSTANCE FENIMORE.—Dorothy, and Other Italian Stories. 16mo, pp. x–287, $1.25.....Harper

POETRY.

ALDRICH, T. B.—Later Lyrics. 16mo, pp. 92, $1.00.....Houghton, M.

CHENEY, JOHN VANCE.—That Dome in Air. 16mo, pp. 236, $1.25.....McClurg

EASTMAN, ALFRED C.—Poems of the Farm. 8vo, pp. 67, $2.50.....Lee & S.

FIELDS, ANNIE.—The Singing Shepherd, and Other Poems. 16mo, pp. viii–155, $1.00. Houghton, M.

LINDSEY, W.—Apples of Istakhar. Small 4to, pp. x–100, $1.50 *net*.....Copeland & D.

NESBIT, E.—A Pomander of Verse. 12mo, pp. x–87, $1.25 *net*.....McClurg

STODDARD, ELIZABETH.—Poems. 12mo, pp. viii–164, $1.50.....Houghton, M.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

ADOLPHUS, F.—Some Memories of Paris. 12mo, pp. vi–308, $1.50.....Holt

ASHE, R. P.—Chronicles of Uganda. 12mo, pp. xiv–477, $2.00.....Randolph

BALL, Sir R. S.—Great Astronomers. 12mo, pp. xii–372, $2.50.....Lippincott

BESANT, Sir WALTER.—Westminster. Large 12mo, pp. xii–393, $3.00.....Stokes

BRADLEY, E. T. and SMITH, Mrs. A. MARRAY.—Annals of Westminster Abbey. Folio, pp. xvi–400, $15.00 *net*.....Appleton

CONSTANT.—Memoirs of Constant, First Valet de Chambre of the Emperor, on the Private Life of Napoleon, His Family and His Court. Translated by Eliz. Gilbert Martin. 4 vols., pp. xvi–366; iv–318; iv–307; iv–326, $5.00.....Scribner

GRINNELL, G. BIRD.—The Story of the Indian. 12mo, pp. xiv–270, $1.50.....Appleton

KING, GRACE.—New Orleans. The Place and the People. 12mo, pp. xxi–404, $2.50. Macmillan

LOWE, CHARLES.—The German Emperor William II. 12mo, pp. ii–274, $1.25.....Warne

MACKAY, G. LESLIE.—From Far Formosa: The Island, its People, and Missions. 8vo, pp. iv–346, $2.00.....Revell

OBER, FRED. A.—Josephine, Empress of the French. 12mo, pp. vi–458, $2.00..Merriam

PARSONS, ALFRED.—Notes in Japan. 12mo, pp. xiv–226, $3.00.....Harper

SHAW, ALBERT.—Municipal Government in Continental Europe. Large 12mo, pp. xvi–505, $2.00.....Century

WEEKS, EDWIN LORD.—From the Black Sea through Persia and India. 12mo, pp. xiv–437, $5.50.....Harper

WILSON, S. G.—Persian Life and Customs. 12mo, pp. 333, $1.75.....Revell

SCIENCE, ART, ETC.

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